THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO 34 — CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1891. — PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A SPLENDID MEETING.

That Held at Ogden Grove, in This City, on Saturday, Aug. 15.

Eloquent and Patriotic Speeches by the Hon. C. A. Gallagher, James K. McGuire, O'Neill Ryan, M. J. Keane and Frank Agnew.

One of the Finest Assemblages of the Irish People Ever Seen in Chicago.

INTRODUCTORY.

The fifteenth annual demonstration of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago and Cook County was held at Ogden Grove on last Saturday, Aug. 15, and was even more numerously attended than any preceding event of the kind. Fully forty Irish societies were represented on the ground, and at least half of their friends who attended were of the fairer sex. Great enthusiasm was manifested by all present, and the speeches of Messrs. C. A. Gallagher, of Minneapolis, James K. McGuire, of Syracuse, N. Y., O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis, and Messrs. M. J. Keane and Frank Agnew, of this city, were greatly applauded.

Among those in attendance were noticed Frank Agnew, W. H. Joyce, James C. Strain, P. V. Fitzpatrick, John Dwyer, Capt. P. F. Ryan, Thomas Ahern, Edward Trainor, Thomas McDermott, Patrick O'Brien, John J. O'Connell, P. B. Flanagan, William Houlihan, Lawrence Henley, Martin Mulcahy, John Gibbons, Lawrence Markey, Martin Garrity, Edward O'Byrne, Joseph Gannon, John Roche, Thomas O'Donnell, W. H. Kelly, James O'Toole, Michael O'Connor, Thos. Walsh, Edward Rowlan, M. J. Kelly, M. J. Keane, J. D. McCarthy, Frank D. Kinsella, Wm Madden, Patrick Morris, Michael Heeney, John Foley, Michael Fitzgerald, Thomas Jones, T. F. Murphy, Prof. J. J. McCarthy, Frank Agnew, Jr., Thos McPhilips, Patrick F. Conway, William O'Brien, Patrick McCarthy, Ald. E. P. Burke, W. P. Mahoney, John Powers, W. F. Murphy, James Bradley, Thomas J. Hartigan, J. J. McCormick, Michael McInerney, John T. O'Malley, J. J. Fitzgibbon, Owen Murray, John Masterson, H. J. Jordan, M. P. Brady, Capt. T. J. Ford, J. J. O'Keefe, John E Long, P. Doyle, J. J. Carroll, Patrick Curtin, John Prendergast, Thomas Mulcahy, J. J. Mahoney, Capt. L. R. Buckley, John McGovern, T. Mahoney, H. K. Jordan, David Clohessy, John McNulty, William McCoy, Maurice Moore, John J. Fox, Ignatius Sheridan, D. J. Ryan, F. T. Colby, M. Lamb, William Lyman, Joseph A. O'Donnell, Joseph P. Gallagher, John Nugent, M. McCarthy Con Hollihan, M. J. Bransfield, M. S. Hyland, Charles Cody, E. J. Quinlan, J. J. McKenna, M. E. Hand, Roger C. Sullivan, J. W. McCarthy, Patrick Byrne, P. J. Mangan, J. J. Sullivan, and many others.

The Clan na Gael Guards, under Capt. L. R. Buckley, a battalion of the Hibernian Rifles, under Major Lynch, and the Emmet Guards marched early to the grounds and made a fine display. The police regulations were perfect, but no official interference was necessary for the preservation of order during the entire proceedings. Everything passed off as quietly and decorously as if the gathering had been a church festival. Dancing and athletic games formed prominent features of the day's entertainment, and the strains of martial music made everybody feel patriotically warlike.

The Afternoon Meeting.

At 4 o'clock, Mr. M. J. Keane, having been introduced by President W. H. Joyce, called the afternoon meeting to order, in a well chosen speech. He asked Mr. James M. Quinlan, to read the address, which, among other things, said:

"We, therefore, assembled here, consistently with our duty and agreeably to the mission and obligations of the Republic, do declare our hearty sympathy with our distressed and struggling sireland; and as American citizens the wish of our hearts and the prayer of our souls is that Ireland may be free; blessed with the benediction that illumines this Republic with joy, and exalts and enriches her sons with the dignity and rights of freemen. We hold ourselves bound by principle and honor to aid the Irish people in their efforts to achieve the liberation of their country from the grievous oppression under which they suffer. We detest tyranny. We regard British rule in Ireland as a tyranny designed to destroy the people of that country, or to reduce them to a condition akin to slavery; we therefore detest the British government in Ireland; and we confidently declare that its rule in Ireland has been for centuries, and still is lawless, merciless and atrociously barbarous; seeking only to accomplish the spoliation, debasement and destruction of the Irish people. We hold and will maintain that if the Irish people were in possession of the means to warrant the destruction of British domination in their country, they would be justified in employing the same; and that to aid them to accomplish their deliverance would be the duty of every lover of mankind. We recognize and applaud the fidelity of the men of Ireland to the cause of their country. Their constancy and devotion endear them to us." * * * * *

"While we disavow the right to dictate in any degree to the people of Ireland or their leaders, yet we cannot forbear expressing the earnest hope that unity may speedily be restored in Ireland. The hope of the Irish nation can never be realized until all the people 'think as one man' rightly. Dissensions should cease. No man should be permitted to sow discord among brethren. We entreat Irishmen everywhere to unite for Ireland. We can not recognize any faction or party. The united Irish people only can bring relief to, or accomplish the deliverance of Ireland."

The chairman then introduced the Hon. C. A. Gallagher, of Minneapolis, who was received with hearty applause. His speech was an exposition of the duty which the Irish patriot in all lands, and especially in Chicago, owes to downtrodden Ireland. "Ireland is to be won by fighting England. That is the only way. England never yet gave up anything which she had strength to keep. It was not the voice of Grattan, but the ir flax of his volunteers that gave a parliament to Ireland. His arguments were laughed at, his threats received with jeers, but when he took his stand on College Green, with his frowning cannon and 60 000 rifles, then England granted his request. When his forces were disbanded, then England again riveted the chains of bondage. The only argument that can touch England is the sword unsheathed in freedom's cause."

THE CITIZEN much regrets that it is unable to present to its readers a full report of Mr. Gallagher's fine speech, which had in it the true revolutionary ring, tempered by the wisdom which experience brings to men of progressive minds and broad views.

JAMES K M'GUIRE'S SPEECH

Mr. McGuire, of Syracuse, N.Y., an intellectual looking young man, who made a fine impression on his audience, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: When your committee honored me with an invitation to address the true and tried men of Chicago on the subject of Irish Nationalism my first impulse was to respectfully decline. I felt that I was unequal to the occasion. For you have so often listened, in this very grove, to the glorious doctrine of liberty and freedom, from the lips of greater and more distinguished orators than mine humble self. I can add nothing new to your knowledge of the sad story of Ireland's wrongs. When I look about me, in all the natural nervousness of youth and inexperience, and behold the grizzled veterans, whose bronzed and worn countenances have ever been to the forefront, at the head of the Irish movement, in this the coming metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, I realize the consciousness of my utter inability to do justice to the subject. I simply come here, carrying a message of good cheer from the men of New York to the men of Chicago, who renew their devotion to the principles of liberty and independence. At the same time to reiterate expressions of belief in the speedy realization of the dream and hope of every true Irish American—the emancipation of Ireland. (Applause.)

The grand theme of liberty inspires the best work of the poet, the historian and the statesman. It brings out all that is noblest and best in the human character. Liberty means freedom of action, so long as that freedom does not interfere with the rights of our fellow man. The Irish race are a liberty loving people. They only ask for their country the right accorded every nation—the right of freedom. One hundred and twenty years ago the founders of this great nation declared to all men the sacred and inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. (Applause) But that declaration was not made until every minion of the English oppressor was driven from American soil. The oppressor of the American colonies is the same cruel oppressor, who for three hundred years, has vainly endeavored to exterminate the Irish race. The Irish people of today are constitutionally struggling for the supremacy of the identical principles, which inspired the hearts and nerved the arms of the American colonists to destroy forever the power of the tyrant in our own America. American honor the patriots of 1776 and 1812 Irishmen enshrine in their hearts the glorious recollections of the patriots of '98 and '48. The valor and patriotism of the Irish race has often been demonstrated in the armies of Austria, Spain, and France. And France, especially, is under manifold obligations to the brave exiles who valiantly served in her armies. In the eighteenth century when the English armies moved onward to France with the intention of destroying her forces and forcing her gay lilies to trail in the dust it was the brave exiles of the Emerald Isle, the flower of the French army, who saved France from destruction. (Applause) Thomas Davis has immortalized their valor and intrepidity in the following lines:

This is the English column now, and fain would their volleys grow,
Yet, must ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenach!"

(Applause)

A patriot is a man who loves and serves his country well. And would that I could pay a tribute to the countless thousands of Irishmen, who from the day of St. Patrick's landing in Ireland, down to the present period, deserve the glorious title of patriot. A patriot is a hero and Ireland has been a nation of heroes. (Loud applause) Driven from the Emerald Isle by the iron hand of tyranny, the sons of Ireland entered the armies of other countries and there won laurels for those nations, that have only been dimmed by the sad thoughts that the victories were not for motherland. But there still remains the glorious recollections of the periods, commencing with the capture of the Danish standard by Murrough, son of Boru, and the valor of the famed Irish chieftains at the battle of Clontarf in the year 1014, down to the great battle of the Yellow Ford in 1598, where Hugh O'Neill defeated and beat the English armies, as they have never been beaten since. It is five centuries, resplendent with heroes and patriots. (Cheers) In the city of Limerick there stands a statue of the gallant Sarsfield. And the name of Sarsfield recalls in Irish history the famous siege of Limerick. The intrepidity and courage displayed in the celebrated battle has not been surpassed in modern times. After the signing of the Treaty of Limerick Sarsfield and his fifteen thousand countrymen entered a foreign army and fought under the lilies of France. For years he and his brigade led the legions of that country on many victorious fields. In the great battle of Landen he received his death wound, and there died in the little village of Huy the brave and noble Sarsfield. (Cheers)

The next patriot whom I have in mind is Lord Edward Fitzgerald who died in 1798. No spot is more sacred in Irish history than the little room in Thomas street, Dublin, where our brave Fitzgerald fought so desperately against arrest and where with his capture and subsequent death perished the last hope of the United Irishmen. Who is there after reading Thomas Moore's Memoirs of Fitzgerald does not feel that he deserves to be ranked as one of Ireland's noblest patriots? Wolfe Tone says of him, "His memory will live forever in the hearts of every honest Irishman." The names of Fitzgerald, Tone, and Emmet recall to our mind the glorious memories of the men of '98.

Who fears to speak of '98?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a *true* man, like you man,
Will fill his glass with us.

Five years later, in 1803, Ireland's martyr patriot gave up his young life for his country—the peerless Robert Emmet. (Cheers) Thousands of Ireland's patriotic sons have died for their country, and is it not more than passing strange that to the memory of the boy martyr should be accorded so large a share of the people's recognition of valor and love of country. But when we remember that this young man had all that was dear in life before him. Great intellectual gifts, honors of high office, we cease to wonder at these continued demonstrations of affection. And when we look around us and behold the wondrous effect of Emmet's doctrines and teachings we no longer marvel that in every town, city or hamlet where the English language is spoken, men of Celtic origin gather on the fourth of March to pay a deserving tribute to his memory. As years roll on, and one generation passes away only to be succeeded by another, reverence for his memory ever increases. As history tells us, the uprising of 1803 failed, but from the falling ruins of its destruction came the great monument of hope, and over it hangs the beacon light of encouragement that for nearly a century has lighted up the way on the road that leads to freedom. On the 19th of September, 1803, he was tried for high treason and on the next day executed. Upon being asked by the presiding judge why sentence of death should not be pronounced over him, he replied in language that has been styled the swan song of Irish oratory. (Loud cheering)

A few years after the unfortunate ending of Emmet came the advent of the great Liberator—the Tribune of the People—Daniel O'Connell. He was the father of that constitutional agitation, which secured as its result Catholic Emancipation. Many historians and writers declare that O'Connell was the greatest orator of modern times. His hold on the affections of the Irish people was something marvellous. No man before or since held their hearts as O'Connell did. O'Connell endeavored to secure the repeal of the Union. The most gigantic meetings ever gathered in any country were held in Ireland. But when the government prepared to put them down O'Connell, who always opposed physical force, faltered and his power was over. Broken in health and spirit he departed for Rome but died on the way at Genoa in May, 1847. This, and the preceding year were the terrible periods of famine. Thousands died of starvation and thousands were driven abroad. At the expiration of the famine the population was reduced over two millions. The government did nothing for the relief of the starving peasantry, and that criminal negligence which has never been equalled in ancient or modern times, has imbued Irishmen the world over, with a spirit of hatred for the English government. This was the condition of the nation when the O'Connell agitation died and the Young Ireland movement came into existence. Then came the patriotic Young Irelanders like Dillon, the great Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy, Arthur O'Connor of '98—Miles Byrne, the glorious William Smith O'Brien and the brave John Martin. (Cheers)

Let me select John Mitchel and Thomas Francis Meagher. After the suppression of O'Connell's meeting at Clontarf, Mitchel and O'Brien became the leaders of the Young Ireland party. They followed the traditions of Emmet and endeavored to secure the independence of Ireland. Mitchel was the son of a Unitarian clergyman, and it is a curious fact that every great rebel from Wolfe Tone down to Mitchel has been a Protestant. He was undoubtedly the ablest man in the Young Ireland movement. His articles in the *Nation* stirred the people of Ireland as no litterary effusions ever moved a nation. He boldly defied the government to arrest him. They accepted the challenge and sentenced him to fourteen years transportation. When the verdict was delivered Mitchel cried out that, like the Roman Scaevola he could promise hundreds who would follow his example. As he spoke he pointed to Martin, Meagher and others who were in the gallery of the courtroom. "Promise for me, Mitchel! promise for me!" came the cry from all parts of the gallery. (Loud cheers) Thomas Francis Meagher, a patriotic leader of '48 was a man of rare talents and beyond all dispute the most brilliant orator of the period. For impassioned eloquence the nineteenth century has not produced his equal. The younger McCarthy says, "If Thomas Davis was the poet of Ireland, Meagher indeed was her orator." Standing in the dock in the jail of Clonmel under sentence of death, he says: "I am not here to crave with lying lips the life I have consecrated to the independence of my country. I offer to my country as a sure proof of the sincerity with which I have spoken and struggled for her, the life of a young heart. The history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it."

Meagher, like Mitchel, Martin, and Smith O'Brien followed and believed in the traditions of 98—the same traditions, the same teachings which brings us here today. He was opposed to what has been termed "O'Connell's doctrine of passive resistance," and in speaking against the apathetic feature of this doctrine, uttered words that cannot be equalled. "I am not one of those moralists," exclaimed the young patriot, "who says that liberty is not worth one drop of blood. Against this miserable maxim the noblest virtue that has saved and sanctified humanity appears in judgment. From the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis; from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelites to victory; from the cathedral in which the sword of Poland has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusko; from the Convent of St. Isidore where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster has mouldered into dust; from the sands of the desert where the wild genius of the Algerine so long has scared the eagle of the Pyrenees; from the ducal palace in this kingdom, where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances, more than royal favor, the splendor of his race; from the solitary grave within this mute city, which a dying bequest has left without an epitaph; oh! from every spot where heroism has had a sacrifice or liberty a triumph, a voice breaks in on the cringing crowd that cherishes this wretched maxim, crying out, 'Away with it! away with it!'"

When one considers that these utterances were made at a time when the great Liberator was fairly venerated by the people, and at a time when they heartily agreed with him politically, Meagher's courage and nobility of character were sublime. (Cheers) It is unnecessary for me to refer to his career as a soldier in the late civil war. The achievements of Meagher's famed Irish Brigade are fresh in the minds of many of the older men who are here today. I can only pay a slight tribute to his memory and his genius. He was a patriot from the cradle. The impression which the teachings and the career of Thomas Francis Meagher had left on the minds of our young men will be seen in years to come. They remind me of an incident connected with ancient history. Upon one occasion as Hamilcar, the mighty king of the Carthagenians, marched down the marble walks to enter his vessel which was about to battle with the Roman armaments, his little child, Hannibal, came running after him crying, "Let me go father, I too hate Rome, I too hate Rome!" Let Irishmen impress on their children the wrongs they have suffered, the miseries they have endured, and when the time for action comes the children like Hannibal will cry out, "Let me go, father, I too hate tyranny, I too hate British misrule!" (Loud cheers) Emerson said, "The truest test of civilization is not the census or the size of cities, nor the crops,—no, but the kind of men the country turns out." And from the humble cabins on the hillsides of Ireland have emanated men, who, although handicapped by ignorance, have broken its fetters, and shackles and attained the highest positions of eminence, trust, and responsibility. The oppressor gravely informs the wondering world that coercion laws are necessary to govern the Irish people who are unfitted to govern themselves; that they are a wild and imaginative race. Where would English literature rank in art without Irish imagination? They forget Swift, Mangan, Berkeley, Griffin, Goldsmith, Burke, Steele, Sheridan, Sterne and Maria Edgeworth and the hundreds of illustrious Irishmen and women, who adorn the pages of English literature. (Applause) Have these people committed a crime because in spite of persecution and oppression they have outstripped the more phlegmatic English?

The policy of England destroyed Irish literature and the Irish language. Their cruel, tyrannical laws, by keeping the people in ignorance, endeavored to stop the mental development of the race. But Genius reaches the surface under any and all conditions. They tell us we are not scientific and that we are impracticable. But let us see! Abernethey, the first surgeon of England, was an Irishman. I recall to mind Ball, the naturalist, Barry, the artist, Dr. Joseph Black, the distinguished chemist, Robert Boyle, the philosopher, Cairnes, the economist, Crozier, the explorer, Dr. Flood, the anatomist, Hamilton, the mathematician, Harvey, the botanist, Hogan, the sculptor, Parsons, the astronomer, and Wilde, the great oculist. Each and every man of these ranked first in their various professions and they were all Irishmen. (Applause)

And surely in our own beloved America the Irish people have demonstrated their fitness for government. Last year the mayors of forty out of eighty American cities were men of Irish blood. We point with pride to the long and honored roll illustrious Irishmen in America who have achieved distinction in every branch of art, science, invention, manufactures and commerce. (Applause)

Three centuries of fallen movements, of betrayals and broken pledges, have disappointed but not discouraged the friends of Ireland. Leaders may break, factions dissolute, but the cause of Ireland remains the same. It is the cause of liberty and truth, and when thought shall have worked itself clear reason will assume sway. When the day of unity dawns our people will herald the triumphant appearance of Irish independence. (Loud cheers)

And now, men of Chicago, a word on the present Irish question. Five years ago in this same Ogden's Grove, a multitude of Irish Americans numbering fully 50 000 listened to words of hope from the lips of a true patriot—Michael Davitt. Have those bright promises and hopeful prognostications been fulfilled? Are the Irish people as much nearer the goal of freedom? I point to the present condition of Ireland for my answer. The depopulation of her towns and cities has come in fact and the very life blood of the country is being drained by emigration. Eviction and rack renting is the order of the day. While the representatives of the Irish people, the two fragments of the Irish Parliamentary party, with traditional ferocity, are at each others throats, instead of standing together shoulder to shoulder fighting the common enemy. (Applause) And all for a vague, uncertain, half way, so called home rule measure which does not restore to Ireland her native parliament.

For the sake of ameliorating the condition of the Irish race we are willing to accept any measure, which will tend to improve it. But as Irish Nationalists we repudiate and reject any such measure as being a final settlement of the immense debt of justice due the Irish nation from Great Britain. (Applause.) Ireland will never stand among the nations of the earth until she makes her own laws in her own parliament, in her own country, free from British interference. This is the cardinal doctrine of Irish Nationalism. (Continued applause.)

The Evening Meeting.

The evening demonstration was presided over by the ever cheerful and patriotic Frank Agnew, ex-sheriff of Cook county. His appearance on the platform called forth vigorous applause from his old friends and admirers. Mr. Agnew briefly, but in complimentary words, introduced Mr. O'Neill Ryan of St. Louis, as the first speaker of the evening.

O'NEILL RYAN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Ryan, who was introduced amid applause, said in substance:

"The day presents the two dominant feelings in the Irish character—religion and patriotism. Love of God and country. It commemorates a feast of the church to which perhaps the majority of you belong, and it celebrates the triumph of the Celt over the Saxon, when, nearly 300 years ago, The O'Neill conquered Bagnall at the Yellow Ford. (Applause). It is a day, therefore, that may justly inspire and unite Irishmen of all sections and creeds, for the platform of Irish nationality is strong enough and broad enough for Catholics and Protestants. (Cheers). There is no creed in nationhood. Here in Chicago, the intense earnestness and splendid enthusiasm of the sons of the Gael have stamped out bigotry and faction. You have been put through the crucible—you have been put to the test and you have come out stronger and more united than ever. (Applause).

"But a few weeks ago there was a celebration in my own city that told the story of a people who had struggled and triumphed for liberty. It was the celebration of the six hundreth anniversary of the formation of the Swiss republic. For six hundred years that little spot—nestled amidst the Alpine Mountains, those eternal sentinels of the liberties of a free people—had been consecrated to freedom. Monarchies had risen and fallen, despots had trampled on the rights of men and been stricken by their vengeance, but amidst all the shifting scenes of European history, the one gloriously permanent fact had been that the liberties of the Swiss mountaineers, won by the sword, had been maintained by free government. (Applause). But, while we felt a thrill of pleasure at that celebration, our hearts went out in sadness to another land across the great Atlantic—a land whose sons were as brave, whose daughters were as virtuous—where genius and valor had stamped upon them the seal of an unconquerable race, and yet for more that six hundred years they had been struggling on field or in forum for the liberties granted them by God, and of which they had been robbed by the Saxon; but they were unconquered. (cheers) Grattan, who had been a constitutionalist, had warned the British government they must either greatly emancipate or fundamentally destroy the Irish people. Let the men of today remember that, and not compromise their rights. Ireland must be emancipated, for while Irishmen were true to the splendid memories, the martial traditions of their race, they could never be destroyed. (Cheers).

"The Englishman was an enemy not to be despised, and one who liked to see another stand and fight for his rights. He would respect the Irishman more if his tone were more defiant, his attitude more aggressive. It was well enough to endeavor, by constitutional means, to regain their liberties, but let them always remember that if those means failed they had the same right to revolution that belonged to the men of '76. (Cheers) Never forget that this right remained to them, and never forget the men who had languished in dungeons or died on scaffolds that Ireland might be free. Tell your young men to remain true to the traditions of the old land. Love and assistance for the land of their fathers in her hour of woe, are not only consistent with their duties as American citizens, but, I say, make them worthier of enjoying the benefits of our free institutions that their forefathers helped to found and perpetuate. The man who forgets the race from which he sprung is unworthy of recognition or trust by any people. Tell your sons that it was the immortal principle of liberty, exemplified by the lives of Washington and Lincoln, for which Emmet went to the scaffold and Mitchel to the felon's cell. (Cheers) The eternal principle, implanted in our hearts by God himself, who gave to all the full splendor of the noonday sun, the soft shimmer of the silent stars, who meant that every glory of nature, every blessing of heaven, should be shared by all His creatures. May Irishmen never give up their hope of freedom. Nurished by the blood of martyrs, sanctified by the sufferings of centuries, it has lighted the darkest hours and inspired to bravest deeds. For it they have withstood the shock of battle, the scourge of penal laws and the shroud of famine.

"The struggle of centuries must end in victory, but Ireland must be united, must be strong, must be true to the memories and cause of Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone. (Loud cheering.) May the God of Justice in supreme strengthen the men of Ireland until every vestige of foreign rule is swept from her shores, and the sorrows of bondage shall be forgotten in the glory of nationhood." (Prolonged applause)

Mr. Ryan was followed by the Hon. James K. McGuire of Syracuse, who aroused the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch it had yet reached by referring to the work done by Mr. Fiterty's paper, the Chicago CITIZEN. His speech was directed against the folly of further constitutional agitation, and in the course of his remarks took the occasion to ridicule Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule measure.

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. C. A. Gallagher of Minneapolis, and the exercises were closed by the singing of "God Save Ireland," by Mr. James C. Strain.

The officers of the United Irish Societies to whom the success of the demonstration is due are: President, W. H. Joyce; vice-president, D. F. O'Connor; treasurer, William Gavin; secretaries, Andrew J. Duggan and John Dowling; James C. Strain, chairman of the executive committee.

A large number of guests were present on the grounds from St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Omaha, St. Paul and Memphis.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Rosbrien graveyard, near Limerick, has been closed against future interments by order of the local government board.

Mrs. Murtagh, the enterprising owner of the Moy Hotel, Ballina, has taken Runnagry House, on the shores of Lough Conn., in connection with her hotel.

Mr. James Hopkins, second son of Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins, Castlebar, passed a brilliant final examination at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, and is now a member of the honorable profession of his choice.

The lord chancellor has suspended Mr. Joseph P. Ryan, solicitor, Thurles, for a period of twelve months, for having omitted to pay over to a client a sum of £32, which he received for her while acting as her solicitor.

The tenants of the Duke of Devonshire in Cork and Waterford, have been apprised that they will be allowed an abatement of 17½ per cent. on the current half years rent.

A case of a somewhat serious nature has been engaging the attention of the police of New Ross district for the past few days. The particulars of the affair, as far as can be learned, however, are as follows: About seven years ago there resided in that town a Methodist clergyman—the Rev. J. Nixon. During his stay there he engaged as a housemaid a girl named Mary Breen, who was at the time about 17 years of age. She was a Roman Catholic, and a daughter of a small farmer named Michael Breen, who resides at Old Court, a hamlet about three miles from New Ross. Some months after engaging Mary Breen as a servant Mr. Nixon was removed to the North of Ireland, to the town of Dungannon, and brought his servants with him. About a year after her engagement began with Mr. Nixon the girl turned from the Roman Catholic faith and became a Methodist. This she did, Mr. Nixon states, without any inducement or interference on his part, or on the part of anyone connected with him. Mr. Nixon says she was a quiet and gentle girl, and considered one of the family. Her family had been writing to her to go home, but she refused to do so, and said she would stay with her master. Here comes the more serious part of the story. Recently her father, brother and uncle left New Ross and arrived in Dungannon, where, early the next morning, they called at the residence of Mr. Nixon, in the Manse in Perry street, in that town. They knocked, and the girl's uncle who wore a slouched hat, and was in other ways disguised, stood outside. The moment the girl came to the door she saw what the whole thing meant, and endeavored to get back into the house. She was seized by her father and uncle, who dragged her in her morning dress to a car which was ready close by, on which they placed her. There were not many people in the street at the time, but the few that were raised an alarm, and the car, with its freight, drove off at a rapid rate. The course taken was through Moy to Portadown, from which place the four took the train for the county Wexford. The girl's father provided clothing for her on the way to Portadown, as she was taken away without her watch, clothes, Bible, and, in fact, everything she possessed beyond an old morning gown and slippers which she wore at the time of her seizure. The matter was immediately reported to the police, and a consultation was held between Mr. Nixon, Mr. Aiken, J. P., Dunganon, and Mr. Smyth, D. I., R. I. C., Dungannon when it was found that there was no redress under the Abduction act, as the girl was over 24 years of age, and no warrant could be granted for the arrest of the accused. The police, however, in New Ross were communicated with, and are engaged now watching the girl's home in Old Court, where she has been residing since she was brought there. Since she was brought home the Catholic clergymen of the parish—Rev. J. Hore, C.C., Ballinamons, and the Rev. J. Walsh, C.C., Ballykelly—have been constant visitors to the house. Meanwhile Mr. Nixon is about taking strong measures in the civil courts to compel her captors to give her up. The affair has created no little amount of excitement in the neighborhood.—*Londonderry Sentinel.*

Boils and Pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season, when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and at the same time gives strength to the whole system.

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on Sept. 29, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes. For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER VII.

BARRETT'S SPECIAL MISSION.

Ballina had almost resumed its normal quietude. Some groups of persons stood in excited converse on the streets, and blue uniforms had supplanted the scarlet ones at the gates, and also at the portal of Ballina House, where Capt. True, the French commandant, had established his headquarters. Otherwise Barrett saw no change in the appearance of the place, as he drew rein at his father's door to pay a brief visit to the family circle.

Anxiety was more or less depicted on every face he encountered therein, save, of course, those of the juvenile members of the family, who came about him with gleeful salutations, and proceeded with childish curiosity to examine his sword and pistols—warlike accessories of which the wearer was rather bashful.

His father was grave and thoughtful; his mother troubled to trepidation; even his sister, Fanny, lacked her usual blitheness and briskness of manner, though with filial consideration she assumed a cheerful and amused mien, and tried to laugh away the despondency of her parents, cracking sundry jokes at the expense of the "rebel colonel," to whom she gaily proffered herself as a recruit.

"For why not have Irish vivandieres as well as French ones?" she demanded; "and I daresay I can ride a horse just as bravely as that valiant French brunette in the brass helmet whom we saw today chasing a whole regiment of Carbineers."

"Send in your application to our war office, my dear girl," he replied in the same spirit, "though bless us, Fanny, I don't quite like the idea of your passing along the ranks with a regulation keg of poteen slung around you, to relieve the thirst of our bold volunteers."

"But your lady on horseback had no such keg."

"No; she animates the French soldiers with a different spirit—that of military enthusiasm. Madame Lisette is a sort of Amazon, a very goddess incarnate of the revolution."

"Mercy, how sensational! I withdraw my application, Colonel."

"Colonel for a day—a week!" commented the doctor severely. "Patrick, my unfortunate boy, how have you been so foolish as to involve yourself in this fearful calamity?"

"Calamity, father?"

"Yes, for I look on this business as nothing short of one. The royal troops will soon crush this little handful of invaders. Why have you joined these silly daredevils of French?"

"Possibly from motives of gratitude," answered Patrick bitterly, smarting at the reproof; "but for the opportune interference of those daredevils I should now be sharing funeral honors with poor Gill Walsh, who has been strangled to death outside there. Father, I am surprised you should discourage me; you well know that at this crisis the place of every true Irishman, and particularly of a Barrett of Tyrawley, is in the ranks of the army of deliverance."

"These heroics sound very fine; but I have reached a practical age; and can see nothing arising out of this, so far as I and mine are concerned, but an immediate change for the worse—a bad prospect, in advanced age, for the father of seven children, some of them very young. I have been pretty successful in my profession, Patrick, despite even the opposition of such a great gun as Sir William Boyd, but my practice is now ruined; the gentry, who have been my chief supporters, have fled from the district like a flock of frightened sheep. When they return they are not likely to continue to patronize the father of such a prominent party as yourself; as for those hardy devils of French, should they succeed—which I much doubt, —'tis but little need they'll have of doctors or drugs. Ay, prosperity is dead! all is chaos!"

"Really, father," said Patrick, laughing at this singular personal jeremiad, "you are a greater pessimist than I ever took you to be."

"Prudence, not pessimism, my boy," and the doctor began to pace about the room, jerking his powdered wig away with a flourish of his hand, then nervously stroking the ruffles on his breast. "As for us we shall take refuge on an island in Lough Conn, for there shall be nothing here presently but a scene of plunder, arson, and anarchy—perhaps the French guillotine taking the place of the simple stocks on the street there without—no longer vagabonds' legs pilloried, but gentlemen's heads chopped off——"

Suddenly, noticing the pale, scared face of his wife, the doctor stopped and burst into a hearty reassuring laugh, to the no small relief of all present.

"Pardon me, my dears; cruel to frighten you, was it not? Of course I don't mean half what I say; things can't be quite so dreadful as all that, you know."

"Certainly not, father," concurred Fanny; "you have a most Dantesque power of drawing appalling pictures."

'Courage and hope, all of you," humorously exhorted the insurgent item of the household; "physic may be 'thrown to the dogs' for the time being, but in fine it will triumphantly assert its importance; republicans are made of the same human flesh as royalists. Dismiss your doubts, father, as to our success. The handful of invaders, as you call them, shall soon be augmented by the big thronging contingents of Kilmaine and Hardi—now, as I hear, on the sea—and the green flag float over the length and breadth of a freed and regenerated country——"

"Hear, hear!" cried Fanny, half jestingly, clapping her hands.

"And whose freedom," added the domestic orator, "as the realization of one of my most cherished desires I am well determined to bear a man's part in helping to win."

His mother, a spirited and accomplished woman, smiled through her tears and murmured an affectionate blessing.

"And now for Coolcarney," said the young insurgent. An inquiry was shaping itself on his tongue when the door of the apartment gently opened and there was the shimmer of a white dress.

'Ah, Maeve!"

"I was writing to my brother when I saw your horse at the door. Welcome back from that dreadful Killala."

"Dread'ul—to me the safest spot in all Ireland, the centre and source of liberty. Any news from my friend Ferdy?"

"Yes; he says the effects of the invasion are at length reached our lonely little home at Pullatomas; a Mr. Kirkwood and his wife have taken refuge with him."

"The Killala magistrate who broke the parole."

'D.d he indeed, poor fellow? Excuse our dense ignorance, Patrick, but what is a parole, and is it very costly, and how did he break it?"

"You unwarlike damsel—simply his word of honor not to depart from Killala. But, Maeve"—and he drew her aside—"I have a little task for you, a piece of embroidery, the sash of an officer of the Irish army; not an elaborate affair—republican simplicity and all that—but no paladin of Charlemagne or courtly knight in the lists ever wore lady's favor with more pride than I will wear the work of your dear hands, acharra."

A few minutes later he was on his way to Bunneconlan. He crossed the Moy by the quaint bridge which then spanned it, a long, narrow affair with angular apertures where pedestrians might retreat from passing vehicles. As he rode up the hill of Ardnaree, on the Sligo side of the stream, he noticed on his left a French guard posted at the door of the Catholic chapel (built some years previously by Bishop Bellew, brother of the major), where the corpse of poor Walsh lay in a sort of state; and he again recalled his impressions of the morning: how near had he himself been to lying, with rigid face and rope empurpled throat, in the yellow light of the candles before that altar!

"To rid himself of a sudden sickening of heart he galloped away into the country, over which the gray spell of twilight was fast falling. Meadows and pastures strewn with great boulders, sickly looking fields of corn and potatoes, brown bogs glistening with dykes and bogholes made up the main features of the landscape through which he passed. Some miles to his front rose the huge ridge of Sliabh Gamh, with the "Gap" yawning in the centre.

Around him expanded the ancient Cairy of Coolcarney, called by the old chronicler "Cuil Cernogha of the knotty hazels," the last vestige O'Dowda retained of the princely possession of his ancestors.

The roof which covered the representative of a long line of Milesian kings and tiernas was a humble but substantial one, a comfortable cottage, with extensive barns and outoffices, all cosily embowered amid stately trees. As Patrick dismounted at the gate a figure came strolling towards him, a tall, stout, soldierly man, with his hair in queue and a long pipe in his mouth. It was the baron.

"Welcome to Bunneconlan, Mr. Barrett, whether as friend or enemy. Is your object to make me prisoner?"

"No, baron. I trust your visit to the French camp will be made not as a prisoner, but an ally. I have the honor to present a letter from Gen. Humbert."

"Indeed! But come into the house, pray. Take his horse, Pat Farrell."

The apartment in which Barrett found himself had a pleasant air of taste and comfort, and even of beauty. Antique furniture, wainscotted walls, dark and polished, and hung with pictures and weapons—the latter chiefly relics of dead and gone O'Dowdas, or O'Dowds, as they were variously called. There was the war axe which Red Hugh O'Donnell's ally, Teige O'Dowd, had wielded against the English, and the huge falchion which had to be filed from the strong hand, stiff in death, of big James O'Dowd, slain at Aughrim. Over the mantel was a family tree (which Barrett saw far eclipsed the cherished one of his father), tracing the line back to the princes whose territories extended from Lough Mask to Lough Melvin, and, further, to the monarchs who ruled at Rathcroghan and Tara. Among the names were those of King Dathi, who was killed by lightning at the Alps; of Sean Bhrian, or Old Brian, the famous O'Dowd who expelled the English from Tireragh and captured all their castles; and David O'Dowd, whom the Cromwellians dispossessed, giving him in lieu of his vast estates and rich lands an allotment of 1,500 acres of mountainous land in Coolcarney. On one the windows shone in colored glass the family arms. Two lions rampant supported a shield bearing a black cross, two crossed swords, and an oak leaf, and crested with a mailed hand holding a dart, while on a scroll underneath ran the motto, "Virtus ipsa suis firmissima nititur armis."

The baron placed some refreshment before his guest, and then applied himself to Humbert's letter.

He was a good looking young man, the baron, not much over 30, with a dark, handsome countenance. He was an Austrian born; and there was some romance in the story of his birth. His father, Teige Risvach O'Dowda, imbued with the warlike instincts of his race, went out to wield on the continent the sword of a soldier of fortune, and soon attained the rank of colonel. One of the finest looking officers in the Austrian service, he attracted the notice and affection of a noble lady, Antonia, sister of the Baron Vippler, of Silesia. Despite the opposition of the lady's powerful friends, who even procured Teige's imprisonment, she gave her hand as well was her heart to the gallant soldier; and eventually it is related the Emperor Joseph stood as godfather for the son of his Irish colonel. This son was as a gay young lieutenant in the Hungarian service when the death of an uncle at home placed him in possession of the family estate in Coolcarney, worth about £500 a year. Coming to Ireland he married, at an early age, Temperance, the fair daughter of an attorney named Fitzgerald, whereupon displaying a different turn to that of his ancestors, James Vippler O'Dowda, or the Baron O'Dowda—he adopted the title from his mother—settled down to a placid country existence, devoting himself to agriculture and road making.

As he finished the perusal of the letter he affectionately stroked the curly heads of some children who now came into the room. Their mother, a handsome young matron, also appeared. Having briefly introduced Barrett, her husband handed her the General's letter and asked her opinion. This was given promptly and decisively.

"He asks you to take command in the Irish army and aid in fighting your country's battle; and I think you are bound in honor and patriotism to accept the invitation."

The Baron rose to his feet in the intensity of his surprise, which was partially shared by his visitor; Patrick had but little expected to find in the lady an advocate of insurrection.

"My dear Temperance, are you aware that this French force is utterly inadequate—a paltry handful of soldiers, which cannot hold out for any time against the military power of the kingdom."

"I am also aware it is but the vanguard of a far larger force, which will sweep the island from shore to shore and crush English tyranny here for ever—a triumph in which all true Irishmen should glory to take part."

O'Dowda dubiously shook his head. "Perhaps, then, it would be best to wait the advent of this formidable army of deliverance."

His wife, a spirited and impetuous woman, made a gesture of impatience.

"That would scarce be manly. Why not take the same risk as the brave men who have at once responded to the call of country and honor? How comes this, Baron?—has the descendant of a boasted line of kings and chieftains, the godchild of an emperor, a soul not above remaining drudging on his fields and roads while the fight of his country is going on?"

"Temperance, my dear, Temperance," expostulated the Baron; "in name, but hardly in nature," he added in a smiling "aside" to Barrett.

"Oh," she exclaimed, with growing enthusiasm, "you boast of your ancient clan, their patriotism, their heroic deeds, and yet you would remain at home when the eyes of your countrymen are watching for your action in this crisis. Surely you are not afraid of death—you, one of the valiant O'Dowdas?"

She did not mean to convey a sneer, she spoke with deep and earnest confidence in his courage and fortitude; yet he winced.

"Afraid—wife! wife!" he said huskily.

"You who were bred in a camp are not afraid of a soldier's death on the battlefield. You were born in Austria and owe these English no allegiance; they dare not hang you as a traitor."

"Perhaps not, but as a deserter."

He pointed to a scarlet coat lying on a chair, the uniform of the Tyrawly Cavalry, which he had worn that morning in Ballina.

"Even so; the gibbet has become honorable in Ireland of late, hallowed by the memory of many a murdered patriot—of Orr and Monroe, Father Murphy and the brothers Sheares. As Moliere says: 'The shame is not in the scaffold, but in the crime,' and it is no crime to die for one's country."

She knelt beside him as he reseated himself and looked imploringly in his now troubled and emotional face.

"Forgive me, James, if I appear unwomanly, if my language has seemed callous and unfeeling. A thousand pardons, dearest!"

"They are granted, dear Temperance. Please summon Egan and Pat Farrell; I wish to consult them on this matter."

The individuals named were called in. Egan was O'Dowda's steward, or confidential man; Farrell, a devoted adherent of the family and a man of much influence among the surrounding peasantry. Both, in response to the Baron, advanced insurrectionary leanings and vehemently coincided with the views of the lady.

"The boys are wild to be led and will bless you on their knees for leading them, your honor," said Pat Farrell.

"They're not afraid, then?"

"Och, not a bit, your honor; quite the other way. You see that ould prophecy of theirs stands to them."

"Prophecy?" repeated Barrett inquiringly, glad of an opportunity to relax the painful tension of the interview.

"Yes, sir; one of St. Patrick's. You see, sir, when the Saint came preaching into the Calry of Coolcarney some of the poor ignorant heathen people came against him with their shields and spears, and he there and then declared that any battle they or theirs after them fought would be won over them; then, repenting themselves, they all knelt to him but five, and he said no matter what battle was gained over them, even if all Connacht was chasing after them, not more than five men of Coolcarney would be killed; and so it has always happened down to the present."

"In that case, Pat," commented the Baron with a smile, "there shan't be many gaps in the ranks, and the roll call will always be well answered. Well, pass round the word tonight and have all the boys here in the morning ready to march and join the French, and pass the Rubicon alias the Moy. Your pardon for a few moments, Mr. Barrett. Ah! it is time those poor children were abed."

The visitor felt a huge lump surging in his throat, his heart melting in his breast, as the Baron affectionately kissed each of his children. Perhaps, he thought, never again would the little innocents receive a father's evening caresses. Often afterwards, with bursting heart, did he recall that pathetic scene.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

A Mhuirnin Dhilis na Diultaigh Mé.

An Chraoibhín Aoibhinn do chan.

Dá m-beith air mo láimh an tír iomlán,
'S gach uile phairt de lán de spré,
Cheannóchainn leis do ghrádh-sa 'ris,
'Sa mhuirnin dhílis ná diultaigh mé.

Dá m-béidhinn féin mo righ mór treun
O luighe na gréin' go h-éirghe an lae,
Do bheurfainn sin le fághail do ghean',
'Sa mhuirnin dhílis ná diultaigh mé.

B fheárr liom aon ribe fainneach dubh
Do ghruaige casta, tiugh a's réidh,
'Ná saidhbhreas agus stór an righ,
'Sá mhuirnin dhílis ná diultaigh mé.

Do chúin, do ghlór, do ghháire óg,
A's Ol do phóg is mil liom é,
B fheárr liom 'ná saoghal aon bhlas do bhéil,
'Sa mhuirnin dhílis ná diultaigh mé.

'S chomh dána tá, faraoir! mo ghrádh,
Mar gheall ort bhrisfinn aithne Dé,
Acht chailfinn glóir air son mo stóir,
Mar sin a mhuirnin, ná diultaigh mé.

O creid mo mhionna, tá mé mo theine,
'S gan muchadh luath atá mé réidh,
Mar is tú laa é, O cuir as é,
'Sa mhuirnin dhílis ná diultaigh mé.

O freagair, labhair, 's ná bí bodhar,
"Ná bí ad' chodhladh, s' mo chúis d'a pléidh."
'S é sin mo chúis-se, na druid do chluasa,
A mhuirnin dhílis ná diultaigh mé.

Atá me lán a's tinn le grádh,
Gach uile cnámh a's alt a's feith;
O bhárr go bonn, ó chois go ceann
'Sa mhuirnin dhílis ná diultaigh mé.

O éisd, ó labhair, ó ná bí bodhar,
Is fad gan cabhair atáim air strae,
A mhuirnin dhílis, dhílis, dhílis,
'S a mhuirnin dhílis ná diultaigh mé!

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathizes. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

Summer Resorts Now Open.

Excursion tickets now on sale. The following list (with ticket rates for the round trip from Chicago) represents but a few of the choice spots of the Creation reached best by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and the Milwaukee & Northern Railway: Delavan, Wis., $3.75; Oconomowoc, Wis., $5.50; Waukesha, Wis., $5.00; Palmyra, Wis., $5.50; Madison, Wis., $6.50; Kilbourn (Wisconsin Dells) $8.85; Tomahawk Lake (Minocqua) $15.70; Elkhart Lake, Wis., $7.50; Marquette, Mich., $17.40; Mackinac, Mich., $21.25; St. Paul and Minneapolis, $20.00; Lake Minnetonka, $20.75; Duluth, $20.00; Yellowstone Park (Grand Tour), $180.00. Special reduced rates on Friday and Saturday of each week to various Wisconsin points. For further particulars apply to City Ticket Office, 207 Clark street, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Bussenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloqueat bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 25.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obta[ined] at headquarters, or from official rep[orts] but through participation in all the [events] described. He tells just such a tal[e] might be expected from an intelli[gent] soldier, except that he gives us more [de]tails, all of them interesting, of camp [life] and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by F. Finerty, we have the truthful [story] of the Sioux campaign of 1876, [told] the pen of a gallant correspondent [who] shared in all its thrilling dangers [and] vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest the Sioux, which included some of fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever on our frontier. It is history that have here, narrated by one of the participants in the scenes depicted. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITIC

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best [of] stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, their long and trying chases after the red man, over ground well known to them but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with their treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of our heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sibley, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Reno, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKeever and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

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[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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LAKE SALTON'S SOURCE

H W. Patton Returns from an Exploring Expedition.

THE LAKE WILL BE PERMANENT.

Effects of the Overflow Will Be Both Detrimental and Beneficial—An Immense Amount of Territory Hitherto Sterile Can Now Be Brought into Cultivation—Discovery of an Ancient Irrigating Ditch.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Aug. 18.—H. W. Patton has just returned from an exploration of the source of Salton lake, in the Colorado desert. He started from Yuma and went to the break in the Colorado, and then followed the stream across the desert. He is positive that the lake will be permanent. At present it is falling, but each slight rise in the river adds to the volume of water in the lake, and now that a well defined channel has been washed out the water from the river would flow directly into the lake, instead of spreading all over the country before finding its way to the basin. The break in the river bank is an old lagoon. From there to the lake the channel is from 100 feet to half a mile wide and of sufficient depth to carry an immense body of water. The soil through which the channel has cut its way is a very rich sandy loam, and for miles and miles the sand of the desert has been washed into the channel, leaving the soil exposed.

Ancient Irrigating Ditch.

The water had deposited vast quantities of quelite seed and thousands of acres make a waving sea of green pasturage. At one place the channel was found to pass between two rows of huge mesquite trees in a straight line for twenty miles. Between the rows the water was nearly twenty feet in depth, while on either side it had an average of five feet. Patton asserts that the trees and channel mark the lines of an ancient irrigating ditch. In speaking of the general effects of the overflow, Mr. Patton said that it would be both detrimental and beneficial. He said: "At Banning we have had in a comparatively short time four rains, then there were terrible rains in the mountains above Redlands and a heavy fall at Campo—all unprecedented at this time of year. I am satisfied they are the direst result of Salton lake. These rains come at a time when they are not needed, at harvest time, and when the raisin crop is maturing.

Finest Soil Imaginable.

"On the other hand it will bring into the market and under cultivation an immense amount of territory hitherto sterile. From the break in the river to Salton lake it is 200 miles, and the bank consists of the finest soil imaginable, a rich, sandy loam. The channel worn by the water is sufficient to furnish water for the irrigation of hundreds of thousands of acres. At present about one-fifth of the water in the Colorado river is flowing through the channel into the lake at Salton, but with the next heavy rise I would not be surprised to see almost the entire volume of water in the river turned into this channel. At Yuma, when we left, the thermometer in the boat registered 112 degrees in the shade, but at no time during five days we were sailing across country did it rise above 82 degrees."

THE WONDERS OF FLORIDA.

Lurid Stories Told by Recent Explorers in That State.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Aug. 18.—For years a column of smoke by day and a pillar of red light by night have marked the site in a dense swamp southeast from Tallahassee of what is supposed to be a mysterious volcano. Recently J. L. Hall penetrated far into the swamp and brought back five specimens of volcanic slag and large lumps of a heavy substance similar to melted glass. He describes the scenery around the supposed volcano as wild and rugged, indicating a fearful upheaval at some time in the past. United States Marshal Weeks says he went near the place, but the bog-iron marshes caused the needle of his compass to swing round in a circle at a lively rate and he lost his bearings.

Prehistoric Skeletons Discovered.

The night before he started back a strong breeze came up from the southeast, and a dense black, sulphurous smoke swept over his camp. He advances the theory that there is no volcano, but that an immense sulphur deposit is on fire. Marshal Weeks opened one of many burial mounds found there, and says the skeletons are undoubtedly those of a prehistoric race, being much larger than the average man of to-day. He found a heavy stone battle-ax, pottery, bones, etc., all in a mound, which had evidently been made by skilled artists.

Excitement in Finland.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—The czar's visit to Finland has been followed by a decree depriving the Finns of freedom of the press. Hereafter newspapers are to be controlled by a Russian board of censors, on the Russian plan, and the governor general may, on his own judgment, suppress any publication. Considerable excitement prevails in Finland over the announcement. It is looked upon as the harshest step yet taken by the government of Russia to destroy the liberties of the Finns, in direct violation of the compact made by the Czar Alexander in 1809, at the diet of Borgo, when he solemnly confirmed and engaged himself to respect the rights and privileges of all classes.

Father and Son Lynched.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Aug. 18.—The later reports of the lynching of Monroe Evans and his son John, near Baileytown, by Whitecaps, say that father and son were hanged with a single rope. One end was tied around the neck of the old man and the other around the neck of his son and they were strung up to a tree together. The old man stood well in this county, though his son was unruly, and the people of Cullman county are begging the authorities to ferret out and punish the lynchers.

People's Party of Maine.

AUGUSTA, Me., Aug. 18.—A call will be issued this week by the state representatives of the People's party to meet at Auburn, Sept. 1, for the purpose of perfecting a state organization and laying out the work for the great campaign of 1892. It is learned that the platform to be adopted will, with one or two exceptions, be similar to the one adopted at Cincinnati.

WILL BOYCOTT THEATRES.

Action Taken by the Typographical Union of Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—The local Typographical union of the district, comprising over 1,200 members, made up for the most part of government printing office employes, threatens to institute quite a novel boycott. For months the union has endeavored to force a local job printer named Darby, who does a business in show and theatrical poster work, to join the union. He has stood out against all invitations and threats. A few days ago a committee from the union visited all the leading theatres of the town and requested the managers to withdraw their work from Darby.

The Boycott Proposed.

The committee reported to the union at a meeting that the theatrical managers had declined to withdraw their work from Darby, and now the union proposes to boycott the theatres. The plan as outlined at a meeting of the union is for a committee to post itself at the door of each of the leading theatres and report to the union the name of members who visit the show, and these will be subjected to fine. Inasmuch as the promulgation of this order by the union is contemporaneous with the opening of the theatre season the efforts of the union to put it in practice excites considerable interest.

SMALL-POX IN MISSOURI.

Twenty-Five Patients Now Under Treatment and the Disease Spreading.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 18.—The culpable neglect of officials in caring for small-pox patients in the Blue Bottoms, near Independence, has caused a rapid spread of the disease, and many people in that city and vicinity are panic stricken. Two weeks ago the first appearance of the disease was noted, and now there are twenty-five patients under treatment. The patients are mostly of a poor class and those who have not been confined to bed have been running at large north of the town. The farmers in that vicinity are alarmed at the rapid spread of the disease and are guarding the infected district with shotguns They held a meeting Saturday night and issued an order quarantining a section several miles square. Reports have been sent to Governor Francis asking that some immediate steps be taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

Mysterious Suicide.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 18—An employe of J. W. Gaskin & Co., the Long Branch fishermen, found the body of a 17-year-old boy with a string tightly fastened around his throat at the foot of Sea View avenue at 9 o'clock Monday night. A handkerchief in his pocket was marked "T. W." The boy had on a cheap black suit of clothes, a black derby hat from E. Polack, 138 First avenue, New York. He had tied the string to the rope at the stake and had apparently sat down and strangled himself. Thousands of people viewed the body, but none recognized it. The boy had a very respectable appearance.

Mrs. Harrison's Movements.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison returned to England Saturday. They arrived in the city early and attended the services in memory of the late James Russell Lowell, held later in the day at Westminster Abbey. They are in excellent health and speak in the highest terms of the courtesy with which they were treated in Paris. They will remain quietly here for a few days, resting from the fatigue of the round of social pleasures inaugurated in their honor at the French capital.

Murder of an Electric Motoneer.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Aug. 18.—While Conductor L. A. Ward and Motoneer John Hemming were waiting at the end of the electric line before beginning their return trip two men came on the front platform and told them to hold up their hands. Hemming said: "I guess not," and went out on the platform; a short scuffle ensued, a shot was heard, and Hemming rolled from the car down a slight embankment, mortally wounded, dying about a half hour afterward.

Freight Brakemen on a Strike.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 18.—The freight brakemen on the Lake Erie and Western railroad are out, and all freight movement is stagnated here. The men receive 2 cents a mile and demand 20 cents an hour for overtime. The men are well behaved and no acts of violence have been committed. No settlement can be had until General Manager Bradbury returns from the east.

Sold Her Babies for a Dollar.

ATLANTA, Aug. 18.—A young woman living near Isabella recently gave birth to twins. Mrs. Alvord, a farmer's wife with no children of her own, learning that the young mother desired to dispose of her offspring, offered to adopt the babes. The mother demanded 50 cents apiece for the infants and when the price was paid gladly gave them up.

New Haytian Cabinet.

PORT AU PRINCE, Aug. 18.—A new cabinet has been formed as follows: Minister of exterior relations, M. Archin; minister of public works, M. Joseph; minister of war, M. Montas; minister of public instruction, M. Apollon; minister of finance, M. Stewart, minister of the interior, M. Pierre Louis. Everything here is quiet.

A "Solitary" Attempts to Escape.

BOSTON, Aug. 18.—Jesse Pomeroy, who is serving a solitary life sentence for murder, attempted to escape Sunday. He had in his possession a case knife which had been notched so as to make a rude saw. He was discovered at work on the bars of the windows in his cell. This is his second attempt at escape.

The President En Route to Bennington, Vt.

CAMDEN, N. J., Aug 18.—President Harrison and party, occupying the special car of J. D. Layng, general manager of the West Shore road, passed through here at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning on a special train on their way to Bennington, Vt., via Trenton and Jersey City.

Valuable Discoveries in Bokhara.

MOSCOW, Aug. 18.—A dispatch from Samarcand says that the Russian explorer Barchewsky has arrived from eastern Bokhara and reports having discovered large deposits of gold, lead and iron and many petroleum springs.

Tried to Kill a French Deputy.

PARIS, Aug. 18.—While Deputy Laur was leaving a meeting at the Cirque Hiver, Sunday night, an anarchist discharged a revolver at him. The bullet grazed Laur's coachman. The anarchist was arrested.

REAR END COLLISION.

Frightful Disaster on the Rail in Switzerland.

LARGE NUMBER OF PEOPLE KILLED.

A Special Excursion Train Run into by a Party Express—Twelve Dead Bodies Taken from the Wreck and Also a Number of Injured Persons—Frightful Fall of an Aeronaut in Italy—Other Old World Notes.

BERNE, Aug 17.—A terrible accident resulting in the instant death of twelve persons and the serious injury of many others, some of whom will probably die, occurred Monday on the Jura-Simplon railway near this city. A special excursion train which was conveying hundreds of villagers from the surrounding country to witness the fetes in connection with the 700th anniversary of the foundation of the city of Berne was stopped at a siding a short distance from its destination, in order to allow the regular Paris express to pass. The engineer of the express, as nearly as can now be ascertained, had not been notified of the fact that the excursion train was on the track ahead of him and the conductor of the excursion seems to have neglected to send a signal man back to protect the rear of his train while the shunt was being arranged.

Crashed into the Train.

The express, running at high speed, came upon the excursion train so suddenly that the engineer's efforts to check its speed and avoid disaster were unavailing. The heavy express dashed into the rear of the excursion train, demolishing the hindmost coach and forcing its way partly through the next one. The rear coach happened to be an empty one, which was intended for passengers to be taken on at another station. The guards in charge of it were killed, but the presence of this car doubtless saved the lives of many occupants of the other coaches. As it was, the passengers in the second coach were nearly all killed or injured. The trainmen, assisted by the passengers who had escaped injury, set to work immediately to rescue the unfortunates who were imprisoned in the wreck. Heartrending cries of agony nerved them to almost superhuman efforts, but in spite of their exertions they were forced to witness the death before their eyes of several who had not been killed outright, but were crushed by broken timbers or exposed to the escaping steam from the locomotive.

Festivities Marred.

Twelve corpses were taken out of the debris, and the injured were finally extricated and cared for as well as the conditions of the place permitted pending the arrival of a special train from Berne which had been telegraphed for immediately after the collision, and which conveyed physicians and surgeons to the scene. Most of the victims of the disaster were residents of towns in the vicinity of this city, and the news of the calamity has caused excitement and mourning all through the region. The sad event has marred the festivities incident to the celebration in which the Bernese have been so joyously engaged, and the remaining fetes on the programme will doubtless be abandoned in consequence.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The Foreign Committee of the World's Fair in Austria.

VIENNA, Aug. 17.—The foreign committee of the Chicago fair have met everwhere in Austria assurances of solid support. The Viennese chamber of commerce and the society of trades, the latter a powerful factor in Austrian commerce, have assured the committee men of their hearty co-operation, and influence to secure a fine display of Austrian work in science, mechanics and art. The society of trades has resolved to send a large delegation of its members to Chicago. The manufacturers in the small towns have shown a strong disposition to fulfil the wishes of the delegates. The committee will spend a short time in Holland and Belgium before returning to London on their way to the United States.

Frightful Fall of an Aeronaut.

ROME, Aug. 17—An aeronaut who made an ascent at Macerata met with a terrible death. The large crowd of people who had assembled to witness the ascent were watching the balloon sail gracefully away to the eastward, when they were horror stricken to see the aeronaut fall from the car and plunge rapidly downward from a dizzy hight. At the time of the accident the balloon was over the Adriatic though the point from which it had been sent up was some miles inland. The unfortunate aeronaut fell into the sea and perished, while the balloon, relieved of its weight, soared away and was speedily lost to view.

The Grain Situation in Europe.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—The report that American farmers are hoarding grain causes no little anxiety not only in Germany but in all European countries, as it is felt that the demand from America this year will undoubted be large. Advices from Russia present the situation in no more favorable light. In Astrakin, near the Caspian sea, several villiages are reported to be almost depopulated, many of the people having died of hunger and others have left for better favored regions.

A Negro Preacher in St. Paul's.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—The so-called "negro messiah," who has been attracting such attention lately, preached Sunday in St. Paul's. A large audience listened with great attention. He delivered a long and earnest sermon, and his frequent allusions to the negro race and the part they had played in the world were pointed and evidently effective. In fact his sermon was largely a plea for the admittance of the descendants of Ham to an equal place in the Christian world.

Struck by Lightning.

LINCOLN, Ills., Aug. 17.—Anna Boug am, daughter of a farmer, while washing dishes on a porch was prostrated by a stroke of lightning. She is paralyzed from her shoulders to her feet. She sees, talks and swallows without difficulty, and bears no marks on her person. Her physician thinks she will recover.

Killed by Lightning.

SAVANNAH, Aug. 17.—Wallace Williams' house in Screven county was struck by lightning. Three sons of Williams, all preachers, were in the house at the time. One was killed, another is dying, and the third is bad injured.

DRANK FROM A FOUL WELL.

Two People Dead and Several Others Very Ill at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 17.—As a result of drinking water from a foul well two persons have died and twenty four are ill, some of them so critically that the doctors have given up all hopes of recovery. The well is on the premises of Jacob Bassai, living at the corner of Bureeigh and Sixth streets, and beyond the reach of the city's water system. For a long time the well has furnished the drinking supply of half a dozen families in the neighborhood. Last week about all the members of the several families partaking of the well water became ill, and their ailment soon developed into typhoid fever.

Some of the Victims.

John Eugal, a married man, died Thursday, and Saturday a daughter of Jacob Bassai, on whose premises the well is located, breathed her last. Those who are suffering with typhoid fever are: E. Schariff, his wife, and two sons; Fred Keiling, his wife and two children; P. Abrahams, one daughter, and servant, Bertha Wilms; Mrs. Eugal, whose husband died Thursday; Fred Theos and three children, Phillip Praeht and wife, Jacob Bassai, whose daughter died Saturday, his wife and three other children. Some of these were so low Sunday afternoon that the doctors abandoned all hope for them. But a short distance from Bassai's premises is a marsh, the water from which is supposed to have worked itself into the well and thus contaminated the water.

TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF.

Sensational Affair at Camp Lincoln, Near Springfield, Ill.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 17.—A soldier attempted suicide at Camp Lincoln early Friday morning. It was Private G. I. Kaserman of company B, Fourth regiment, located at Newton. He was reproved Thursday by a company officer for some irregularity of drill, and he felt the disgrace deeply. Immediately after the roll call Friday morning he ran behind a tent and threw himself upon his bayonet. He repeated the performance several times, and inflicted a number of ugly cuts on the abdomen. He finally fell down from exhaustion, and when found was trying to get hold of his razor to cut his throat. Kaserman is now in the hospital in an unconscious condition, with little or no hope of his recovery. One wound near the navel is thought to be fatal.

AT HER HUSBAND'S SIDE.

The Remains of Mrs. James K. Polk Placed in the Tomb.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 17.—In the presence of thousands of people the remains of Mrs. James K. Polk, widow of the tenth president of the United States, were placed in the vault beside those of her distinguished husband, who died in 1840, nearly half a century ago. A detail of sixty police was necessary to keep open the graveled walk from the historic mansion to the tomb. The casket was covered with flowers and was carried by six stalwart Negro men, preceded by the pallbearers, the relatives and immediate friends following. Short services were held at the tomb and the gathering slowly dispersed.

Garcia Again at Work.

CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex., Aug. 17.—Reliable information was received here Sunday from Brownsville that Simon Garcia, with twenty or thirty followers, was raiding the country just north of Brownsville and terrorizing that entire section. Garcia was the leader of the recent gang of Brownsville train robbers, but was fortunate enough to make his escape when the others were captured. The sheriff of Cameron county with a posse, besides ten soldiers from the United States garrison, have gone to intercept the robber, while General Lajiro is keeping the other side of the river closely guarded, and the bandit will be certainly run to earth soon. State rangers have been ordered from Alice to Brownsville by the governor, and are now hurrying to the scene of action.

Attacked Senator Morgan.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Aug. 17.—The Alabama state Alliance re-elected all its old old officers. The president, S M. Adams, made a fierce attack on Senator Morgan, declaring he would suffer his arm to burn off before he would support him or any man who would vote for him. His cause of complaint is Morgan's opposition to the sub treasury scheme. The speech fell flat and has excited considerable indignation in the state.

Death of a California Pioneer.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—Joseph P. Hewe, superior judge of the city and county of San Francisco, died Friday from illness due to gastritis. He was born in Ohio in 1811, and was elected to the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth congresses from Galena, Ills. He came to California in the fifties, and has bben active in law and politics up to the time of his last illness. He leaves a widow and several children.

Drowned While Boating.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 17.—Four persons—two men and two women—started for Jamestown in a rowboat. The boat struck a rock and sank. Annie McCormick of Providence, and Eugene Maloney were drowned. The woman's skull was found to be fractured and an autopsy will be held. Maloney's body has not been recovered. The other couple were rescued by a passing sailboat.

Can Not Build That Elevator.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—The application made to the war department by N. P. Ramsey, of Elkhart, Ind., general manager of the Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan railroad, to build an elevator on a government dike at Benton Harbor, Mich., has been denied by acting Secretary Grant on the ground that it would be a violation of the last river and harbor act.

Grip, Diphtheria and Starvation.

GASPE, Que., Aug 17.—The government steamer Alert, on lighthouse service, which arrived here, brought news confirming the reports of the prevalence of grip, diphtheria, and starvation in Labrador and the north and northwestern coasts of Newfoundland. The people are without food or clothing and almost helpless from weakness.

Charged with a Large Theft.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 17.—A great sensation was created here by the arrest of J. L. Bay on a warrant sworn out by State Treasurer Morrow charging him with the larceny of $100,000 of state scrip. Bay was a clerk employed by the bondsmen of ex-State treasurer Woodruff to examine the books of the defaulting state treasurer.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mrs. Louise Hatfield, a woman 80 years old, was found dead under a window of the St. Francis hospital at Wichita, Kan. Her end is believed to have been suicidal.

Wolf Falk, a San Francisco theatrical man, has been arrested in New York at the instance of Herrman, the magician who charges him with embezzlement.

The new $2 silver certificates soon to be issued will bear a vignette of the late Secretary Windom.

The citizens of Fairbury, Ills., have decided to sink artesian wells, the present supply of water being dangerously low. They also hope to strike natural gas.

The beautiful park presented to the people of Belfast, Ireland, by the distiller Dunville has been formally opened. Earl Dufferin presided over the ceremonies.

Emile Niche, aged 16, of Quaqueston, Ia., was drowned while bathing in the Waspsipinicon.

Herr Von Werner, the director of the German International exhibition, has received a letter from the American painter, Henry Mosler, refusing to accept an honorary mention on his list. He writes that he considers the award an insult.

The remains of Mrs. Herman Boelter were found in the ruins of her house at Griswold, N. D. It is believed that her father-in-law set fire to the house.

The Minneapolis ball team, in the Northwestern league, has been disbanded. Other clubs will soon follow, and it is probable that the league will go out of existence in a week.

High leaping horses will draw premiums at the coming Illinois fairs, the state board of agriculture having authorized such a class.

The total assessed value of Illinois property for 1891 is $737,816,405, against $727,425,797 in 1890.

Mrs. J. B. Waite of Marseilles, Ills., sister of the late General Upton of the United States army, has been adjuged insane.

While returning from a dance at Wesley, Ia., Bert Fisher was thrown from a buggy by his horse running away and his neck was broken. His death was instantaneous.

A searching party found the body of Frank Winterhalter, one of the three young men who were drowned in Saginaw bay on Sunday. The bodies of the other two have not yet been found.

Herr Edner, formerly burgomaster of Steinbach, Baden, who was convicted of the murder of his wife, has been guillotined.

Nine opium furnaces run by Chinese were broken up and $9,000 worth of opium seized in Shasta, Cal., by secret service officers.

New shipping associations are being organized by the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas.

The widow of Hotchkiss, the celebrated gun inventor, has given $75,000 for a Yale preparatory school.

The yacht Nellie C was struck by a squall off Presque Isle on Tuesday, and her cabin filling with water, three young ladies were drowned.

After a series of experiments at the Missouri Agricultural station with sixty-three varieties of wheat, the Fultz variety was pronounced the best, although the Early Oakley gave the largest yield.

It is reported that 40,000 negroes are to colonize in California with the assistance of Senator Stanford.

Engineers are surveying a line from Paducah, Ky., to Shelbyville, Ills., said to be for an extension of the Chicago and New Orleans railroad.

The exportation of rye or rye meal from Russia has been prohibited by the government.

Wheat of this year has arrived in Milwaukee from South Dakota, and was graded No. 3. The price paid for it was 95 cents per bushel.

The Minneapolis Ball club has been purchased by a local syndicate for $5,000. Sam Norton was elected manager.

Two lumbermen, Mahlon Dotton and Cornelius Zecharius were killed by a Lehigh Valley railroad train near Weatherly, Pa.

The remains of the late Herman Raster have arrived at Chicago from Germany.

Much excitement prevails in Peoria, Ills., through finding a mule afflicted with glanders in a lot in which seventy horses were inclosed. An epidemic is feared.

The little son of James Morris, of Burlington, Ia., poured carbolic acid in his baby brother's ear. The little one died.

The Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., a prominent Presbyterian of the Pacific coast, is dead, the result of injuries received in a runaway.

The annual report of the Northwestern road shows a large surplus.

A woman evangelist from Springfield, Ills., is exerting a singular power over her hearers at Topeka, Kan., her converts going into trances and remaining unconscious from fifteen minutes to ten hours.

It is estimated that 40,000,000 bushels of wheat will be handled at Duluth, Minn., the present season.

Ingersoll reached his 58th birthday anniversary last Tuesday.

Andrew Monical of the northern district of Illinois, convicted of counterfeiting, was pardoned before sentence by President Harrison.

Women of Hancock county, Ills., are urged by the W. C. T. U. to register and vote at the coming school elections.

A sample trunk belonging to P. D. Brewster of Chicago containing $4,000 worth of jewelry, was stolen from the Lemars, Ia., depot.

Valuable property in Washingtonville, N. Y., has just been discovered, was sold on deeds forged by Henry E. Jones in 1875. Jones was then insane.

The little girl of George Spatt, a well known manufacturer of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., strayed away from the house and was drowned in the river.

Russia takes 36,000 Jews into the army every year, but sees to it that no one becomes an officer.

In answer to inquiries made by foreign consuls the state officers of Iowa deny the presence of any contagious disease among the cattle of that state.

Seven horses have been killed in cars in Cass county, Ills., within a week, be cause of glanders. Precautions to prevent the disease's spread are being taken.

A boiler of a threshing machine exploded at Hiawatha, Kan., killing the engineer and injuring two other men.

It is announced at St. Louis, in the southern lumbermen's meeting, that no separate exhibit of northern lumber products can be made at the World's fair for want of room.

Pursuing parties are believed to be close on the trail of the Columbus Grove, O., bank robber and assassin, and his capture is expected at any moment.

A railroad rate of one fare for the round trip has been secured for those wishing to attend the session of the sovereign grand lodge of the United States, I. O. O. F., to be held at St. Louis Sept. 21.

Fire destroyed the factory at Detroit of the Henry C. Hart Manufacturing company. Loss, $125,000; insurance, $75,000.

At Harrisburg Charles F. Wolf, who had just been elected executive officer of the World's fair commission from Pennsylvania, dropped dead on his way from the capitol.

The United States immigration commission has left Berlin and started for Russia, where it will stay for five weeks. After concluding its work there it will return to Germany and will visit Hamburg and Bremen.

The Duke of Clarence, the oldest son of the Prince of Wales, now in Ireland, states that his father intends to visit Ireland shortly. His highness will open the new Marlborough docks in Dublic.

The government of Portugal prohibits the importation of foreign wheat from Sept. 1 until the native crop has been consumed.

The Maroa, Ills., council has raised the embargo, which was laid on whisky selling three years since, and issued three saloon licenses.

A small boy at Lebanon, Pa., was attacked by a gamecock a few days ago, and may die of his wounds.

A list of the proprietors of the London Times shows that they are seventy in number and include many women.

Donations were made at the Rock River assembly at Dixon, Ills., to build three chapels for missionary purposes in India.

Commander-in-Chief Palmer has appointed Colonel Frederick Phister adjutant general of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Wheat rose at Chicago with a sudden flurry and reached 102.

Rumors of a lost boy set all the citizens of Sherwood, Mich., on a hunt, and after some hours it was discovered that he had gone into retirement to recover from the effects of his first cigarette.

At Farley, Ia., Andrew Jennings died while drinking whisky.

Railroad officials of Russia have been directed to give precedence over all other trains, passenger or freight, to trains conveying grain supplies to the distressed provinces.

Milwaukee brewers complain of a dull season, which they attribute to a cool summer.

A Manitoba government monthly bulletin issued Friday says the prospects for a heavy wheat crop were never better. The binders have already been started.

Martin Pierce of Climax, Mich., has been arrested by Grand Rapids and Indiana railway detectives on a charge of complicity in wrecking the passenger train last week.

The Rockford watch factory has refused the petition of its employes for weekly payments, and is willing to test the law in the courts if necessary.

At Havana, Ills., William J. Fullerton fell from a third-story window of the Taylor House and was killed. His neck was broken and his skull crushed.

A London married couple named Waters for some reason bestowed upon their daughter the name of Mineral, and now she has to sign herself "Mineral Waters."

Eighty per cent. of the people at Unionville, Mo., are church members. There are hardly enough sinners in the whole town to get up a dance or a card party.

Rains around Big Rapids, Cedar Springs, Petoskey, Kalkaska and Traverse City, Mich., benefited the crops.

The meeting of the Sons of Veterans will be held at Minneapolis, Aug. 25. Arrangements have been made for one fare for the round trip on roads east of the Missouri, and one and one-third by the Trans-Missouri Passenger association.

A saw-mill and yard containing 1,000,000 feet of lumber were burned at Lindonville, Vt.

Investigation of the working of the Kansas law shows that a resident of Topeka had a cold one day and a fever the next for a year without a break, and that his medicine was invariably whisky or beer.

A queer-looking copper machine, which proved to be an infernal arrangement, was found near Disco, Ills.

"Bud" White, of Emporia, Kan., called his neighbor, James Slisher, to the door and opened fire with a six-shooter. Slisher was struck twice and will probably die.

A railroad in the Argentine republic has one stretch of 211 miles without a curve or bridge.

A barber in Burlington, Vt., upset all previous records the other day by going out and getting married while a waiting customer was being lathered by his assistant.

A Chinese newspaper published in San Francisco has been sued for libel by an Indian.

The 9 year-old son of Patrick McGowan of Pratt county Kan., was run over by a wagon loaded with wheat. The boy arose, walked a short distance, and dropped dead.

E. A. Peck, general superintendent of the Big Four system; A. G. Wells, superintendent of the Peoria division; J. W. Simmons, superintendent of the Cairo division, and Dr. Blackman of Indianapolis were arrested at Georgetown, Ills., for hunting prairie chickens and fined $50 each.

Michael Mahon, a Slayton, Minn., farmer, was killed by lightning.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Peculiar in strength and economy — Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home" — there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Do not be induced to take any other preparation. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1, six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 22, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Gus Williams.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Yon Yonson."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Hanlon Brothers in "Fantasma."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Devil's Mine."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Master and Man."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—"Hands Across the Sea."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"A Dark Secret."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

BALMACEDA SNUBS ENGLAND.

There is hardly a doubt but that the sympathies of England are entirely upon the side of the Chilian rebels, exactly as they were upon the side of Jefferson Davis, et al, during our civil war. Capt. Kautz, commanding the United States war ship Pensacola, which cruised recently in Chilian waters, was interviewed by a reporter for the San Diego, Cal., *Union*, and in the issue of that journal of the 7th inst, the following appears:

"I have been cruising there since February, and from the best information I could get, the cause of the trouble is this: In the republic of Chili the president and his cabinet have the appointment of the election officers. The government is more of an oligarchy than a republic, the presidency being retained in the old families. Balmaceda is a shrewd politician, and you can see that under that system it is easy for a president to name his successor. The minority decided that he should appoint some of its friends to his cabinet. This Balmaceda refused to do. Then they refused to vote a budget, and to avoid any serious trouble Balmaceda appointed some of the minority to his cabinet. The budget was voted, but immediately afterwards the minority began to dictate the policy of the republic. This Balmaceda refused to permit, saying, 'If I am to be president I am going to run this government as I think best; I cannot do business with you men,' and called for their resignations. Then there was trouble at once. The minority party rebelled, taking the navy with them; they expected the army to go also, but were disappointed. Balmaceda has a well equipped army, and no navy to speak of. The insurgents have the navy and a body of land forces untrained and poorly equipped. As for starving Balmaceda out, that is all nonsense. He has control of all the agricultural portion of the country, the wheat, corn, cattle and hogs, while all the country controlled by the insurgents is a desert. This talk about the insurgents bombarding Valparaiso and Santiago is all bosh. Why, the shore batteries at Valparaiso are able to sink their vessels before they get their guns trained on the city. The arrival of the two new cruisers for the government party will soon end the trouble. The insurgents have control of the customs revenue, but they are compelled to pay it out for provisions and wages. They are producing nothing and making no improvements.

"Balmaceda is a shrewd politician and diplomat, and I am told by the principal residents of Chili that he has done more for the good of the republic in the improvement of the country, establishing schools, fostering railroads and encouraging local enterprises, than any of his predecessors.

"Why doesn't Balmaceda treat with them?" repeated the captain. "Could Abe Lincoln treat with the men who fired on Fort Sumter? It is a parallel case exactly, and Balmaceda had to either pack his grip and get out of the country or stand and fight, and he chose the latter alternative.

"There is another thing that I would like to see corrected, and that is the wrong impression about Patrick Egan, our minister to Chili. I see by the papers that he has been rather severely criticised. That is wrong. He is doing all any man could do down there for the protection of American interests. He is a gentleman, suave, and polite, and a thorough diplomat. He has been charged with favoring Balmaceda. Why, I have known that man to allow insurgents and political refugees the protection of the legation, though this is contrary to the policy of our government. I strongly advised against it, but he did it and through the respect and friendly feeling entertained for him by Balmaceda, neither refugees nor the legation were interfered with. Just berore Mr. Egan's arrival the English minister, Mr. Kennedy, called on Balmaceda and urged him not to receive Egan. Balmaceda replied, '*Do you understand, Mr. Kennedy, that Mr. Egan is coming to Chili as a representative of the English government?*' 'Not at all, sir, not at all,' replied Kennedy. '*Then, sir,*' said Balmaceda, '*what business is it of yours?* Mr. Egan comes here as the duly accredited representative of the United States of North America and as such he shall be received.' And he was." Then followed a conversation on a variety of topics, the captain proving himself a raconteur of rare ability.

Speaking of the late election of Vicuna which the insurgents declare void, the captain said: 'If the election of Abraham Lincoln to a second term was void then Vicuna's election is void. Those in rebellion at the time of Lincoln's second election did not vote, neither did the Chilian insurgents. Balmaceda's term expires on the 18th of September and what effect the election of Vicuna will have on the war I cannot tell, but as he is Balmaceda's choice it is quite likely the policy of the present administration will be carried on."

In regard to the reported sinking of the Pensacola's launch by a government torpedo, the Captain said it was entirely erroneous; that it was doubtless confounded with the blowing up of an insurgent launch about the same time. After the destruction of the Blanco and Encalada, a launch patrolled the harbor every night on the lookout for torpedo boats and also carried a torpedo. By some accident when near the cruiser San Francisco the torpedo exploded destroying the launch and killing the crew.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Balmaceda sat down on the diplomatic representative of England in a most thoroughgoing manner. That fact, of itself, explains the hostility of the British press toward the Chilian president, but there is a still deeper reason—British commercial interests. Balmaceda, like Diaz of Mexico, is a friend of the United States, while the congressional, or rebel, party prefers England. Under all circumstances, the Irish, wherever placed, should be the friends of England's foes and the foes of England's friends, but more particularly when it is a question between English interests and American interests. THE CITIZEN has full faith in the thorough loyalty of Minister Egan, both as an American diplomat and an Irish patriot, and it feels certain that he must have weighty reason for sympathizing with the de facto government of Chili, and that American interests constitute that reason. The great enthusiasm of the English press for the cause of the congressionalists fills THE CITIZEN with suspicion. Johannes Bull, disguised as a colored gentleman, is hidden somewhere in the Chilian woodpile, and, under the circumstances, we prefer Minister Egan's judgment to the prejudice of the English editors, who have an eye to the main chance.

ENGLISH HATRED OF RUSSIA AND FRANCE.

English hatred of Russia and France has reached an acute phase. No one who has not read the English periodicals of the last two or three years, can form a just idea of the extraordinary bitterness of the English against Russia and the Russians, and against France and the French.

There is hardly an English magazine extant that has not, within the last few years, printed the most bitter articles against Russia. For wanton spite and grossness of misrepresentation, those articles surpass anything that has, perhaps, ever appeared in European periodical literature. If even short extracts from all of them were given, they would take up more space than any journal in America could afford to give them. They appear not only in English dailies, but in almost every magazine printed in England. What it is that Russia has done to England that has called forth such an amount of abuse from the press of the latter country, seems very hard to find out.

England and Russia have been at peace for nearly forty years. There never has been but one war between them, and that war was a most wanton one on the part of England. Russia cannot be said to be guilty of having brought about the Crimean war. She had a quarrel with Turkey, and England and France saw fit to interfere. It is those two nations that are responsible for the Crimean war. All unprejudiced historians who have written about it, agree in this.

There has never been any friction between England and Russia about the boundaries of their respective domains; for when Russia submitted, in part, to English dictation in 1885 about the boundary between her newly acquired possessions in the East and Afghanistan, those possessions were 400 miles from the nearest part of British India, or any territory over which England claimed sway. Very few nations as great and as powerful as Russia would have stopped in their course of conquest and have allowed themselves to be controlled by a hostile, or at least, an unfriendly power, in the delimitation of frontiers.

Russia is far from being a model country; it is questionable if she is a well governed one. It is sad that she persecutes the Poles and the Jews; but England's abuse of Russia has not been provoked either by hatred of misgovernment or love of the Jews. England would hate Russia if the laws of that country were the perfection of justice, and if every Jew in it was clad in purple and fed on manna. England hates Russia because she fears her, and because she knows how powerful Russia is.

But has England anything to fear from Russia? That is a question about which there may be some difference of opinion. We in America can hardly know as much about the matter as England knows. England must believe that Russia wants to conquer India, or she would not hate Russia as much as she does. Russia's conquests in the East and her alliance with France, are what have alarmed England. The distance between Russian and English possessions is gradually diminishing. They are now only 400 miles apart; fifteen years ago they were a thousand. Afghanistan is the buffer between the possessions of both powers; its conquest by either would bring them face to face.

If Russia has designs on India—and it would appear that she has—English abuse of her will only have a tendency to make Russia more determined to seize India. Wars are not always brought about by greed; they are more frequently caused by passion. If England desires an attack on India by Russia, she is going just the right way to bring it about at as early a date as possible.

If Russia undertakes the conquest of India in good earnest, there seems little doubt as to her ability to achieve it. She could put five men in the field for England's one. She has one of the finest railways in the world, the eastern terminus of which is only a few weeks' march from the English possessions. In a few months she could easily extend that railway until it would almost touch British India. She could concentrate half a million of men near the Afghan frontier unknown to England, and much more quickly than England could concentrate a hundred thousand on the same frontier. There is only one thing that can save India from Russia, if Russia puts forth all her power to conquer it, and that is the attitude of the natives. If the 250 millions of India throw all their weight on the side of England, Russia will certainly be beaten. That the natives of India will do this, seems very improbable. The masses of India hate English rule; English writers on India acknowledge this. If England knew that she could depend on the natives of India in case of a Russian invasion, the English press would not take the trouble to abuse Russia in the shameful manner in which it has been abusing that country for a quarter of a century, but particularly during the last few years.

Russia has as good a right to take India from England as England had to take India from the Indians. England is in India by might and not by right; and she will have no just cause of complaint if a power mightier than herself defeats her at her own game.

English hatred of France dates from a very long period indeed; its present acute phase only dates from the time of English occupation of Egypt. England remains in Egypt in spite of the strongest protests from France, and in defiance of Turkey, whose Sultan is Egypt's acknowledged and lawful suzerain. England is, in fact, remaining in Egypt in defiance of the law of nations. She would never dare to hold Egypt only she knows that France is handicapped by the Triple Alliance. But France has now not only Russia but Turkey at her back. Recent developments show that Turkey is now on the side of her old enemy Russia, and will soon join her demands to those of France and Russia that England must quit Egypt. England, rather than fight France, Russia and Turkey will certainly quit Egypt unless some or all of the powers forming the Triple Alliance join her. This they are not likely to do, and it looks now as though England will have to retreat soon from her present position in Egypt, for it is said on what seems to be good authority that Salisbury refused to join the Triple Alliance, and that his refusal greatly irritated the German emperor, and was the principal cause of his present illness.

It is, for any loyal American, humiliating to think that so much of the American press seems more English than American, and reuters too often English political sentiments. The American journalist that would abuse France or Russia, but particularly France, to please England, would be tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail if public opinion in America was what it should be.

ENGLISH MURDERS IN INDIA.

The hanging by the English government of two East Indian princes at Manipur for the alleged murder of Chief Commissioner Quinton, who seems, by the way, to have been a very great rascal; Lieut. Grimwood and other English officers during the insurrection of last March, is on a par with all the brutal and bloody acts committed by atrocious England on the hapless Orientals. Mrs. Lieut. Grimwood, an English lady of brains and heroic courage, had the temerity to say in a letter, which was not originally intended for publication, that Quinton fell into the very trap he himself had intended for the rajah of Manipur and several members of his family and government. As Mrs. Grimwood was an eye and ear witness of the events immediately preceding the massacre of the English, her account is no doubt correct in every particular. That it angered England and the English is evidenced by the fact that, although the wife of the Prince of Wales appealed in person for a national testimonial to Mrs. Grimwood on account of her noble conduct during the retreat of the survivors of the massacre from Manipur, only a beggarly $2,500 was subscribed.

The East Indians are barbaric in their vengeance, but not more so than the English. The fact is that, in the governmental sense, the English are murderers, and they generally murder in pursuit of highway robbery. They are the desperate political footpads of the world, without pity and without remorse. The English army is simply Bill Sykes in uniform. The English have no more moral claim upon India than they have upon the moon. Neither have they any moral claim upon Ireland. They are bloody bulldozers, and will never quit the ways of rapine and bloodshed, until some power, as rapacious and sanguinary as themselves, eats them up, body, boots and breeches!

MR. LOWELL'S DEATH.

The British press is particularly sad over the death of James Russell Lowell, "American poet and statesman." Nobody denies that Mr. Lowell was an American poet, but, during his diplomatic career, most people took him to be a British statesman. As regards genius, geniality and domestic purity, no man can say ought against James Russell Lowell, but as a minister of the United States to England he was an undoubted failure. He did nothing in that capacity worthy of American statesmanship, and he had only one rival in diplomatic flunkeyism—Cleveland's Vermont discovery, the man Phelps. THE CITIZEN regrets to say anything even approaching harshness of the dead, more especially as it has unfeined respect for Mr. Lowell's poetical gifts and private virtues, but it cannot pass by in silence the weaknesses of his career as a statesman, which endeared him to England and Englishmen, and greatly estranged him from all true lovers of American dignity and nationality.

OBITUARY.

MRS MICHAEL M'NAMARA.

Mrs. Bridget McNamara, maiden name Miss O'Keefe, wife of Mr. Michael McNamara, a well known and highly respected citizen of Chicago, died at her residence, 3100 LaSalle street, on the 8th inst., after an illness which extended over three months, during which she bore, with exemplary Catholic fortitude, intense suffering. Her ailment was acute rheumatism, and the foremost medical skill of the city was unable to avert her death. She leaves one daughter—a young lady now in her sixteenth year.

Mrs. McNamara was born in the county Cork, Ireland, and came with her parents to America when a mere child. She had resided in Chicago almost continuously up to the time of her death. She was a whole souled, charitable, sympathetic woman, greatly beloved by her friends and neighbors, as was well attested by the enormous attendance at her obsequies, which were held in St. James' church on the morning of Aug. 11. There were fully 300 carriages in the funeral cortege, and the spacious church was crowded to suffocation with mourners. Requiem high mass was offered up by the Rev. Father Van Pelt, assisted by the Rev. Fathers McCann and Swanson. At the conclusion of the religious services, after a touching funeral discourse by Father Van Pelt, the casket was reborne to the hearse by the following pall bearers: Capt. Wm. Buckley, Patrick Forrest, Daniel Burke, Patrick Griffin, James C. Strain, John McGovern. The procession was then reformed, and the honored remains were conveyed to Calvary cemetery, where they were finally laid to rest. Mr. McNamara and his daughter have the profound sympathy of their friends in their irreparable bereavement.

New Irish-American League.

The Irish American Republican League of Illinois has been formed with headquarters at Springfield, and the following officers: President, Hon. Edmund O'Connell, Bloomington; vice president, James Sweeney, East St. Louis; general secretary, P. H. Donnelly, Springfield; executive board, Hon. M. C Quinn, Peoria; E. J. Brennan, Kewanee; James J. Delaney, Spring Valley; James Ford, Ottawa; Charles O'Rourke, Braidwood; Thomas Moran, Lincoln; P. M. Donahue, Decatur; M. J. Clerihan, Murrayville; Daniel McGlynn, East St. Louis, Dennis Rush, Venice, and the president, vice-president and general secretary. An address setting forth the objects of the league has been issued.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John W. Walsh, attorney at law, has returned to the city from a brief holiday trip to Lake Delavan, Wisconsin, and has resumed business at his office, 609 Opera House Building.

Mr. David Sullivan, the popular and able young lawyer of this city, accompanied by Mrs. Sullivan and their baby boy, left on Tuesday for a six weeks' visit to the mountains of Colorado. Mr. Sullivan has been suffering from an attack of hay fever, and he hopes the glorious Colorado air will banish the troublesome malady.

Mr. Maurice M. O'Connor, wife and daughter, of this city, have left for Ireland and the continent of Europe. They will be absent several months. THE CITIZEN wishes them a prosperous voyage and a safe return.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Nearly all are located near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal.

THE WEST'S AWAKE.

Magnificent Muster of the Irish National Hosts at Kansas City, Mo.

The Multitude Addressed by James Fair, Father Dalton, John F. Finerty and Judge Boland.

The Doctrine of Physical Force, Opportunity Offering, Advocated.

[*Collated from Kansas City papers, Aug. 16.*]

An immense demonstration of patriotic Irishmen, their wives and children, was held in a pleasant park in the southwestern suburbs of Kansas City on Aug. 15. Among the many well known citizens present were Judge McNamara, Col. R. H. Hunt, the Hon. John O'Grady, Col. M. Boland, Charles Crowley, James Fair, Edmund Lynch, C. O'Sullivan, Daniel Spillane, the Rev. Fathers Dalton, O'Donnell and Lee, Judge McCune, Hon. Hugh McGowan, Capt. Doherty, Col. Ryder, James McGrath, R. McGowan, J. Carter, Philip Sheridan Boland, John Hayden, Frank McGuire, John Sullivan and many others. There was a great athletic display in which the contests were very sharp and exciting.

The speaking began about 5 o'clock. Mr. James Fair presided, and introduced the Rev. Father Dalton, who delivered an eloquent and patriotic speech.

MR. FINERTY'S SPEECH.

The next speaker was John F. Finerty, of Chicago, who spoke for about an hour, dwelling briefly on the past, much on the present, and not a little on the future of Ireland. He said that the English mind was so constructed that neither logic, justice nor generosity could make any political impression upon it. The Irish people, so long as they fought in the field, even when defeated, commanded the respect of England and of Europe. He instanced, in this connection, the many wars waged by Ireland against English supremacy, and pointed out the fact that, notwithstanding great bloodshed, her population continued to increase, and her material prosperity did not fatally decline. It was not the defeat of Kinsale, the fall of Limerick, or the disaster at Arklow that laid Ireland prostrate at England's feet. From all these defeats she arose more powerful than ever. Her decline began when Daniel O'Connell preached the shameful heresy that the greatest of political ameliorations was not worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood, and stood unrebuked by Ireland. [Applause] At that time Ireland stood nearly as one to two—at least one to three—to the so called United Kingdom, and was formidable enough in numbers to make the Duke of Wellington shrink from civil war on the question of Catholic emancipation. Under such circumstances, there was no excuse for O'Connell's fatal timidity in 1843, when he permitted the Clontarf monster meeting to be suppressed without manly resistance. That was the unfavorable turning point in modern Irish history. Ireland had paid dearly for it. In 1798 it was estimated that the rebellion had cost 50,000 lives—numbers obviously exaggerated; but all the wars that Ireland had waged, under Art McMurrough, the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the Geraldines, the generals of James II., and the leaders of the United Irishmen, against the power of England did not begin to aggregate the dread total loss of 1,500,000 people starved to death under O'Connell's peace policy, and the murderous indifference of the British government, from 1847 to 1851. [Prolonged applause.]

Now, indeed, the situation is reversed, because Ireland stands about one to eight as against Great Britain. But did anybody present believe that England would yield without force or the threat of force? He, for one, did not believe it, because English history furnished no precedent on which to found such a belief. Take the case of America itself. Did not Franklin and others expend every humane argument before the colonies declared war, and did not England sneer at and disregard the emissaries of peace? Does not the very Declaration of Independence, which they heard read every Fourth of July, does it not specifically declare that the American people, failing to impress the British King and the British parliament with the justice of their cause, turned to what they unaccountably call their "British kindred"—the British people—and did not they, too, treat them with indifference and contempt? [Great applause]

What can be done, then, with a people constituted like the British? Can argument move them? If it could Grattan would have freed Ireland; O'Connell would have freed her—Parnell would have freed her—Gladstone might have freed her, in part at least, not longer ago than 1886 [Loud cheers] Argument, then, cannot prevail against England. No man who knows anything of the military art—the money, the men, the genius, the details, the responsibility that constitute an army, could advocate, under existing circumstances, an Irish insurrection under the rules of war. Then, it might be asked, why not give up? Agitation is useless—insurrection would be useless—what do you propose? The cause and the case are desperate, why not abandon them? Why not enjoy our American citizenship? Why not take a practical view of the situation and gracefully yield to the inevitable? Because, although the Irish in Ireland have decreased, abroad they have multiplied mightily. Because to abandon the struggle—to yield Ireland up to her ruthless executioner—would be cowardly, unnatural, revolting—humanity would cry shame upon us, and God would refuse his blessing to a people so base and recreant. Because causes must not be abandoned simply because they are difficult and desperate. Why does Greece live as a nation after centuries of the unspeakable Turk? Why does Italy? Why does Hungary? Why does Norway? Why does Bulgaria? Why does Servia? Because they have suffered, sacrificed, struggled and hoped. The fainthearted are as impotent in insurrection as they are in love. Ireland has suffered too much—she has not made her persecutors suffer enough. [Loud cheers] Ireland has made some sacrifices, but not enough sacrifices. The sacrifice which will bring the fruition of her hopes is yet to be made. But how?

History gives that answer, in blood and in fire, and she must take that lesson to herself. If she cannot put it into practice now, she must some time. God demands it. Nature demands it. Common sense demands it. Why stands Ireland idle all the days begging at the gates of London for the liberty which America won by the sword and the bullet? How far have her supplications advanced her? To the gates of the poor house or the deck of the emigrant ship!

What is needed? What will stir England? Five years ago the British smote Gladstone because, for a moment, he forgot to be an English tyrant, and sought to heal the quarrel of centuries. Today England howls at Balfour, whom, as an oppressor, she applauded, because he proposes a local government bill. What, he repeated, could be hoped from such a country as England?

If the American Irish were eliminated from the Irish question, England would nail up Ireland's coffin and proceed with the burial. But we have the millions, in numbers and in resources, and these she dreads. These millions of men should be organized for emergencies. England has not a perpetual contract of peace with the world—not even with America, notwithstanding disgusting exhibitions of flunkeyism in some quarters. Would he make war on England, as an American citizen, for Irish interests alone? No. If there was an element of the American people more devoted than another to the interests of the flag of the republic, it was the Irish-American people. America had her own causes of quarrel with England, and if ever they came to blows, they, as Irish Americans, should influence their great government never to make peace with England until Ireland's liberty was secured. [Enthusiastic cheers] Not America alone, but any possible enemy of England, as Mitchel used to say, should they be prepared to aid actively in case of war. The Irish in America had just as good a right to actively sympathize with 4,750,000 white people in Ireland, as the abolitionists of the North had to sympathize with 4,000 000 blacks in the South. [Loud applause]. One sympathy was just as legal and quite as natural as the other. There should be no apology for so noble a sympathy, which meant that neither time nor distance nor divided interests can quell the glorious spirit of patriotism in the Irish heart. [Loud cheers]

"Every time I hear of what is called an 'outrage' by the Irish against English rule in their country," said Wendell Phillips, "I feel that Ireland has made another step toward liberty and independence." [Loud cheers]. "The trouble with Ireland," said Dr. Locke, Petroleum V. Nasby, of the Toledo *Blade*, "is not that she has occasionally shot her tyrants, but that she has not shot enough of them." These were American opinions, uttered by American freemen, and represented the American idea of England's occupation of Ireland, when the full horror of the situation broke upon the American mind, which is essentially liberty loving. No other country mentioned in history would have stood the frightful, slow martyrdom of Ireland without bloody retaliation—desperate and sustained retaliation—but Ireland herself. In the days of her strength, she was taught that resistance of tyranny was a crime—a horrible heresy which had been tortured out of the words of St. Paul bearing upon obedience to human government, but which did not contemplate Russia in Poland or England in Ireland. [Prolonged applause] In the hour of her weakness, which is the present, Ireland beheld, with disgrin and remorse, the power to right herself slipping away from her in the agony and bloody sweat of her travail. England destroyed her by sections—inch by inch as leprosy destroys. With severed arteries she lay perishing in the sight of the nations. England will not permit Ireland to stay the fatal tide, nor will she bind up the wounds she has inflicted with deadly purpose. The nations look on indifferent at the dreadful spectacle of an ancient and once gallant nation perishing, but among them no chivalric Samaritan appears. Tyranny less odious had summoned Christian Europe to the bloody rendezvous of Navarino, and precipitated Russia upon the Balkans. [Applause]

Dissension and disunion are human vices, not particularly Irish vices, although attributed to Irishmen as racial defects. All nations have fought among themselves at some time or other—America, England, France, Germany, the Netherlands. But, having fought their quarrels out, they made them up and proceeded in peace for the common good. The Duke of Wellington, who was a bad Irishman but a good soldier and a man of intellect, once said to the British war minister, when speaking of the bad conduct of a particular regiment during the Waterloo campaign: "All soldiers will run on occasions. I don't mind that. It is the fellows who can't be led back that I would punish." [Laughter and cheers]. So it was with Irish factions. He (the speaker) did not mind a wrathy difference of opinion if the contestants made it up afterwards like gentlemen. It was the fellows who refused to shake hands that he despised. [Applause]

Mr. Finerty then briefly reviewed the martial history of Ireland, and said that praying and beseeching had been unopposed so long that people began to imagine no manly blow had been struck for Ireland since 1798 There was present an honored citizen, who had ridden with Sheridan in the Valley, and who had had the honor of commanding a company of Irishmen in battle against England on the soil of Canada in June, 1866 He had seen the backs of the red coats making good time toward Toronto from the field of Ridgeway. He alluded to Judge Michael Boland. [Loud and prolonged cheering] That gentleman represented the fighting Irish as they came down through the ages—grasping hands with Stephens at Ballingary—with Father John at Oulart Hill—with Sarsfield at Limerick—with Owen Roe at Benburb—with Hugh O'Neill at the Yellow Ford. [Enthusiastic cheers] Let them be thankful that such traditions, represented in the flesh, still remained to them, and might those traditions become glorious, militant realities in the future. [Prolonged cheers]

Col. Boland, who was loudly called for, made some graceful remarks, after which the proceedings terminated.

On Sunday several friends entertained Congressman Crisp, of Georgia, and Mr. Finerty, by driving them around Kansas City. Among those who comprised the party were the Hon. John Tarsney, M. C., the Hon. Hugh McGovern, World's Fair commissioner from Missouri; the Hon. John O'Grady, Col. R. H Hunt, Col. M. Boland, Capt. Doherty, James Fair, Edmund Lynch and Charles Crowley.

PARNELL'S SERVICES

Enthusiastically Recalled and Copiously Reviewed by Mr. Killeleа in the Nashville "Herald."

The Debt that Ireland Owes the Leader Whom Gladstone has Sought to Destroy.

[*Nashville, Tenn., Sunday Herald*]

The alleged repudiation of Parnell by his hitherto warm supporters, Dillon and O'Brien, and other recent and startling developments in Irish affairs, has caused a sensation in the circle of Parnell's supporters in this country. This interest is all the more apparent and noticeable as the time draws near for the meeting of the Irish National League of America in Baltimore some time in September.

There is no one who keeps up with the times, as regards Irish affairs, better than Mr. Killeleа, president of the Parnell Branch, Irish National League. In an interview a *Herald* reporter had with Mr. Killeleа yesterday, he said:

"That a great part of the matter coming by cable is false, is made more and more apparent when these cablegrams and foreign papers are compared. But a few weeks since the London news agencies telegraphed to this country that the National League convention, held in Dublin on June 23 and 24, was a strong evidence that Parnell's strength was disappearing, citing that few men of local or national prominence could be induced to attend the convention. The Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, of July 25, which I received a few days since, contains an account of the convention which differs widely from that sent out by the news agencies. The *Journal* says the convention was one of the largest and most important political gatherings ever assembled in the Irish metropolis, and that the sterling part of Irish nationality was well represented, 2,500 delegates from all parts of Ireland being present, and enthusiastically endorsing Parnell's leadership. The convention was called to meet at the Rotunda, but the gathering was so large that it adjourned to Leinster hall, which itself could hardly accommodate the immense crowd.

"Few students of modern history will deny that Charles Stewart Parnell has occupied, during the last sixteen years, a position paramount with that of any political leader of modern times. He has been as immovable as a rock, and has withstood the storms of abuse and slander just as he braved the poisoned arrows of the forger Pigott and all the outpourings of the vials of English hatred and prejudice and newspaper malignity. Strong in the consciousness of honesty of purpose, firmer than ever in the conviction that the only safe road to speedy realization of the hopes of the true Irish patriots would be destroyed in his immolation upon the altar of English dictation, he is still, by the acclamation of the intelligent and thinking Irish people, the pilot and the commander of the Home Rule craft.

"A chronological retrospect of the incidents following the divorce decision will not be out of place. The verdict in the divorce case was given on Nov. 17. On the next day the Central Branch of the National League met in Dublin, at which over a dozen members of parliament were present. The meeting, which was large and enthusiastic, declared with vehement acclaim that the retention of Mr. Parnell as leader was peculiarly and solely a political question. Not a voice to the contrary was heard. The National press of Ireland unanimously concurred in this view. On Nov. 20 a meeting was held in Leicster hall, Dublin, attended by over thirty members of parliament, the mayors, sheriffs and other civic officers of the chief municipalities of Ireland. Two members of Mr. Gladstone's late administration were present also. It was, in every sense, one of the greatest and most representative meetings ever held in the metropolis. The resolution indorsing Parnell's leadership, and which was adopted unanimously at the meeting, was written by T M. Healy, and its adoption moved by Justin McCarthy and seconded by Healy, who, in his remarks, reiterated his confidence in Parnell, and used these words: 'If the Irish nation sacrifices Parnell, the Irish nation is mine no longer.' Justin McCarthy, who traveled from London especially to attend this meeting, said, in moving its adoption: 'I am going to say to you—and I stake on the same whatever I have of personal character and of public responsibility, either in Ireland or in England—that we are not going to change our leader because of any cry raised against him. Are we, for any personal cause whatever, to throw away the power of that great man in leading our parliamentary battle? Most certainly not. His duty—a duty from which he cannot escape—is to lead us in that great battle; and our duty—a duty from which we cannot escape—is to maintain him as our leader.' These were the words of the present leader of the dissenting faction in Ireland.

"Every public representative body that spoke upon the question, every convention of the people, every Irish member of parliament, and every public meeting re-echoed the sentiments of McCarthy and Healy. This general opinion of the whole Irish people was solemnly ratified when the entire Irish parliamentary party on Nov. 25, the eighth day after the divorce decision, unanimously reelected Mr. Parnell leader. Four hours after this election Mr. Gladstone published his dictatorial letter, and forty four members of the party were found craven enough to throw aside all their protestations of allegiance, and seek, at the beck of an English states man, to depose a man whom they had solemnly pledged themselves to support.

In the New York *Tribune* in September, 1884, Justin McCarthy said: 'It soothes and pleases the English people somehow, to be told every day that Mr. Parnell's power is to come to an end next day. A few years ago the nominal Home Rulers were going to destroy him and his party altogether. Then Mr. Foster was to smash him. A little later the vatican was to make a clean sweep of him.'

"It was reserved for the bold Justin to attempt where the former imposing forces had failed.

"In 1875 Parnell was one of the staunch supporters of John Mitchel for Tipperary, and upon the 19th of April, the same year, he himself was elected for Meath. The policy of obstruction which he inaugurated in parliament—blocking up all legislation not directly in favor of Ireland—first called attention to his indomitable pluck and diplomacy, and when in July, 1879, he carried the town of Ennis, notwithstanding such great opposition, he was hailed as the coming leader of the people. In October of that year the Land League was formed, of which Parnell was made president. Speaking at Westport, county Mayo, about this time, Parnell advised the tenants 'to keep a firm grip on their homesteads,' and later on he said: 'I would never have taken off my coat and gone to work in this land movement had I not known we were laying the foundation of legislative independence for Ireland.'

"In December, 1879, he visited America, in company with John Dillon, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm in all the states he visited. Congress accorded him the distinguished honor of inviting him to deliver an address before that body on the condition of Ireland. He established the National League in America, and as a result, $300,000 was transmitted to Ireland.

"Mr. Parnell was elected chairman of the Irish parliamentary party for the first time on May 17, 1880. In the parliament of 1880 he was instrumental in the introduction and passage in commons of the 'Compensation for Disturbance' bill, which died in the house of lords. During this session Parnell and fourteen of his supporters were put on trial in Dublin for 'conspiracy to impoverish landlords.' The prosecution failed.

"There has not been in the history of Ireland an organization parallel to the League. It was potent in influence, and the government and its armed battalions were unable to crush it. Its meetings rivaled those of the time of O'Connell, and its edicts were obeyed with greater fidelity than those of the queen.

"Speaking at Leeds on October 7, 1881, Gladstone made a fierce and bitter attack on Parnell, threatening the Land League with suppression, and declaring that Parnell was an advocate of public plunder. Two days later Parnell answered him at Wexford and said: 'No misrepresentation is too patent, too low or too mean for Gladstone to stoop to use, and it is a good sign that this masquerading knight errant, this pretended champion of the liberties of every other nation except the Irish nation, should be made to throw off the mask and stand revealed as the man who, by his own utterances, is prepared to carry fire and sword into your homesteads unless you humble and abase yourselves before him and the landlords of this country.' Later he said: 'I trust we shall see, as the result of this great movement, that just as Gladstone, by the Land act of 1881, has eaten all his bold words, has departed from all his brave principles, so we shall see that these brave words of England's prime minister shall be scattered as chaff before the united and advancing determination of the Irish people to regain for themselves their lost land and their lost legislative independence.'

"Four days after this speech Parnell was arrested, and five days later the 'no rent' manifesto was issued. Gladstone was compelled to release Parnell and his chief lieutenants on May 2 1882, and in accordance with the Kilmainham treaty, Earl Cowper, the lord lieutenant, and Forster, chief secretary, were recalled. In the session of 1882 the Crimes and Arrears Acts were passed, the latter drafted by Parnell while in prison. In October of the same year, the National League was formed, and since then Parnell has been practically Ireland's leader. He has extracted from either the Tory or Liberal parties, the Laborers' act and the Tramways act, and compelled Gladstone to include Ireland in the Redistribution act. In 1885 he obtained from the Tories the Land Purchase bill, an extension of which is now pending in the house of lords, and which he has declared to be the greatest land measure ever contemplated for Ireland. His complete vindication in the Pigott forgeries is yet fresh in the minds of the people.

"The question now suggests itself, Will his enemies succeed in crushing him? The hope of his enemies is in William Ewart Gladstone, who coerced and dragooned and bludgeoned and shot down Irishmen, and who never discovered the justice of a single one of Ireland's demands until he was convinced that all efforts of subjugation were fruitless. Irishmen cannot forget that in the last quarter of a century it was Gladstone who sent the men of 67 to the scaffold and to the hulks, but there was enough spirit and vitality left in Fenianism to compel him to disestablish the alien church, and bring in the Land act of 1870.

"In 1880 Gladstone was convinced there was no further necessity for the land reform, but Parnell, at the head of an independent party, forced him to acknowledge its necessity and to pass the memorable Land act of 1881. It was Gladstone who cast Parnell and thousands of his followers into jail without even the pretense of a trial for no other reason than that they were endeavoring, on behalf of the tenantry, to utilize that statute to its fullest extent. He fancied he had broken the power of the Irish agitator, but the day came when the agitator emerged from his prison cell with the Arrears act in his hand—the act which relieved his long-suffering countrymen of a $15,000,000 burden of debt, and which alone would make him the idol of the Irish peasant's heart.

"At the head of an independent party Parnell forced the Home Rule bill from Gladstone, who had turned a deaf ear to the platitudes of William Shaw and the pleadings eloquence of Isaac Butt. Gladstone is the man whom a contemptible faction of Irish Whig politicians would hail as a leader, rather than the great chief who has led them to so many glorious victories and averted many disastrous defeats."

Some people are constantly troubled with boils—no sooner does one heal than another makes its appearance. A thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best of blood purifiers, effectually puts an end to this annoyance. We recommend a trial.

Hall's Hair Renewer is free from alcohol and dyes that injure the skin. It is scientifically prepared, and will restore gray hair to its original color and vigor.

EVENING ON LAKE LEMAN.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Scarred, scowling crags on high,
And bosky heights, magnificantly tall,
And, 'twixt the road and lake, a sloping fall
Of vineyards meet the eye.

Blond, luscious grapes, that quaff
The hot, narcotic nectar of the sun;
While peasant maids, their daily toiling done,
Far o'er the uplands laugh—

Seated upon the peaks,
Their blue-black ringlets floating in the breeze,
Their lips alive with melting melodies,
Health's crimson on their cheeks!

Rose, fern and marguerite
Peep from the sombre lustre of their hair,
Bedeck their rounded bosoms, white and fair,
And nestle at their feet.

Over Lake Leman's tide
An amber glory stealeth all the while,
Fond as the face, and sweet as is the smile
Of a midsummer bride!

But on the other shore
The heathery hills of Savoy giant rise,
And write their inky shadows on the skies
Where all was light before.

Amid the ravines there
A chapel spire, clad in an azure haze,
Peeps through the mist, and meets the pensive gaze—
Perched on a boulder bare.

In the lone evening's calm
The shepherd leads his lambkins to the fold,
For, oh, he knows the vesper bell hath tolled
In accents sweet as balm.

Dead lies the last faint light—
The solemn shades o'er land and water play
Like weird and mystic elves. The lingering day
Hath kissed the lips of night!

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending Aug. 19:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	98	59	39	.602
Bostons	94	55	39	.585
New Yorks	89	51	38	.573
Philadelphias	95	50	45	.526
Brooklyns	93	45	48	.484
Clevelands	98	46	52	.469
Cincinnatis	97	39	58	.402
Pittsburgs	96	35	61	.365

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending Aug. 19:

Thursday—Brooklyn 1 Chicago 3. New York 4 Cincinnati 7 Boston 5, Cleveland 6 Philadelphia 7, Pittsburg 6

Friday—Brooklyn 10 Chicago 6. New York 2, Cincinnati 1 Boston 5, Cleveland 2 Philadelphia 11, Pittsburg 2.

Saturday—Brooklyn 2, Chicago 6 New York 4, Cincinnati 4 Philadelphia 4, Pittsburg 2

Monday—Chicago 2, Pittsburg 1. New York 0, Boston 3 Philadelphia 8, Brooklyn 4 Cincinnati 3, Cleveland 2.

Tuesday—Pittsburg 3, Chicago 4 New York 7, Boston 3. Cincinnati 2, Cleveland 6

Wednesday—Pittsburg 5, Chicago 10 New York 4 Boston 9 Philadelphia 7, Brooklyn 8 Cincinnati 3, Cleveland 4

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	101	70	31	.693
St. Louis	104	66	38	.635
Baltimores	97	55	42	.567
Philadelphias	98	51	47	.520
Columbus	102	48	54	.471
Milwaukees	101	44	57	.436
Louisvilles	106	37	69	.349
Washingtons	95	31	64	.326

Thursday—Cincinnati 1, Boston 7. St. Louis 11, Washington 5 Columbus 5, Philadelphia 6. Louisville 1, Baltimore 2.

Saturday—St. Louis 7, Cincinnati 3. Washington 3 Philadelphia 6 Louisville 7, Columbus 8

Sunday—St. Louis 8 Cincinnati 0. Louisville 11 Columbus 5

Monday—Boston 9 Baltimore 3 Louisville 11, Columbus 7. Washington 9, Philadelphia 8

Tuesday—Boston 13, Baltimore 9 St. Louis 2, Milwaukee 7.

Wednesday—Boston 6, Baltimore 2

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whittings	13	9	4	.692
Garden Citys	14	9	5	.643
West Ends	13	7	6	.538
Rivals	13	6	7	.462
Franklins	14	5	9	.357
Brands	13	4	9	.308

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whittings 7 Brands 2 West Ends 13, Garden Citys 12 Franklins 17, Rivals 11.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Harvest Excursions.

Two genuine Harvest Excursions will be run from Chicago and other points on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway to points in Western Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa, South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Montana, at cheap excursion rates, on Aug. 25 and Sept. 29. For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. P. S.—It will do your heart good to see the magnificent crops in South Dakota. They are simply immense.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO to Europe in seven days via the New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

LOUGH REE.

The Beauty of the Fair Sheet of Water Described by Miss Banim.

Wonders of Inis Cleraun and the Virgin Church.

As we sail northward from Rinn Duin we have perhaps the finest view of all to be had upon the lake. Below, to the south, is the wide sheet of water, alike beautiful whether it glistens, blue and still, under a cloudless sky, or is crested with the innumerable wavelets that a breeze swiftly calls into motion. Not unlike in its character is the lake of the Irish kings to the nature of the Irish people—quickly agitated into a storm, as quickly won back to smiles when the sullen cloud passes off its sky. It is full of variety in the character of its banks, of the distant hills, of the many islands described in such poetic words by St. Ambrose: "Those islands which, as a necklace of pearls, God has set upon the bosom of the waters." Just below, where the lake is widest and then forks upwards into Westmeath and Longford, we see groups of these lovely gems—emeralds rather than pearls—some of them famed as the dwelling places of holy saints of long ago. Northward the water flows on by callow and wood and island, its expanse now narrowing, now widening, now forming bays and quiet inlets, until it seems to lave the very feet of Slieve Bawn and to catch its own silvery hue in the distance.

Inis Cleraun is the ancient name of this really lovely island—Quaker Island it is known as to most Athlonians, for the very commonplace reason that a Quaker, a Mr Fairbrother, built a summer fishing lodge here years ago. But Mr. Fairbrother began his work ill—as I shall tell—there was no luck about his house, and there are no more Quakers on the island now than there are oliphiast (serpents), Quaker and serpents having offended the saints of old. The island derives its real name from Clothran, the sister of Maeve, the great Queen of Connaught a century before the Christian era. This was the queen whose life, exploits and wars hold such an important place in

OUR ANCIENT STORIES,

and so much was written in very remote times concerning Maeve, her palaces, her warriors, the life at her court, the modes of warfare in her time, that our historians continually go to the long and curious tale of her great cattle raid, known as the "Tain Bo Chuailyne," for information as to habits, dress, arms, buildings—and an infinite variety of subjects contained within this remarkable tale. Strangely, enough, although the island is named after Clotheran, no tradition relating to her, save the fact that she was Maeve's sister—was to be found there forty years ago, while numerous traditions regarding Maeve have been preserved—handed down from father to son for centuries up to the present day.

The quickest route to this island is to go from Athlone to Knockrockery by train, then take a boat across to Inis Cleraun, but the most enjoyable way is to sail by Lough Ree, about fourteen miles from Athlone to the low, stony beach on the western side of the island, when one quickly mounts to the green sward and is at once in the very heart of a little land every foot of which has its relic of early Christian times, its history of a far earlier period, its legend of saint and pagan; every thing, every stone has its story, and—glory be to God! there's still something left of the old times!—the banshee still cries upon Inis Cleraun.

It is a sweet little spot. Verdant as any sod upon Erin's Isle, sheltered and beautified by trees grouped among the ruins fringing the sloping banks where the sun is hottest, and opening their branches now and again to give fair vistas of the lake which looks so bright and sparkling out beyond the cool shade of the drooping trees. Towards the centre of the island and on rising ground is a group of churches with their enclosure, within which was once a monastery; behind the churches are trees, the Quaker's ruined house, and the farm of old Mr. Dan Farrell.

Eastward is a sloping, grassy lawn; west and north are meadow land, a green knoll upon which stands one of the rarest buildings in Ireland, which we describe in our own peculiar way as

A SQUARE ROUND TOWER,

and then, by the water's brink, there are deliciously cool nooks, the very spots in which to rest and listen to the thousand and one tales that the memories of rath, Clogas, churches, trees, and river—even that very ditch that runs from the Clogas towards the lake, will bring to mind.

It was my good fortune to hear from old Mr. Farrell many of the stories of his island home, Inis Cleraun. He told how St. Diarmait the master of holy Ciaran (the son of the carpenter), came to dwell here soon after St. Patrick's time; how, when the saint's brethren were busy building Teampull Diarmait, there was and was haunted by an oilpiast (serpent), which every night pulled down the walls which the monks had built during the day. At last St. Dermot determined to watch and pray through the night, and when the serpent began his work of destruction the saint attacked him with his bachall, or crozier, drove him down to the shore of the lake, and, just as the oilpiast was escaping into the water, dealt him such a blow that, as the creature swam Lough Ree, the whole waters from Inis Cleraun to Lanesborough were crimsoned with its blood; henceforth the saints could build and pray without hindrance, for the serpent was never seen again. Then was built the cashel—the enclosure yet seen around the churches—with six churches within it, and many houses for the priests and monks; upon the site of the old Dun a church and belfry were erected, and in the clogas (belfry) were hung bells so loud and clear in tone that they were heard in Roscom on when the east wind blew. Then the monks from Roscommon would set forth from their convent and direct their steps to the shore of the river Banew, while the monks of Inis Cleraun embarked in their cots and crossed the Lough to meet their brethren. Here, by the banks of the stream, they prayed and sang hymns together, then, parting with mutual blessings, each company returned to their homes. From these parting benedictions the stream took its name—Beannacht, corrupted to Banew, a blessing.

"And don't go into the little cloister beside the Virgin church, for your life," said Mr. Farrell; "any woman who goes in there is sure to die within a twelvemonth. That's the restrictions the saint put upon the women here. Once a widow persisted in following her husband's corpse when he was burying. She was heart broke, she said, and it mattered little then or no, so in she went. Sure as day, the ground opened and swallowed her, and the people thought there was no more about her, but, lo and behold! after a time, up she

RESURRECTED OUT OF THE GROUND

again, beyond there, just behind my house. They do say that there's an underground passage from the old Lis to the churches, and from the churches to the lake's bank, and it may be the woman fell in there and worked her way out again; but, anyhow, the earth swallowed her in the forbidden ground, and it wouldn't have happened if she wasn't there, so that argument does not alter the case, save and except that she didn't die all out.

"Now, we'll cross the island, and I'll show you the belfry and the church holy Dermot built upon the very spot where Queen Maeve had her palace; I'll bring you to where my wife heard the banshee the night we found the drowned corpse in the bend where the poor young fellow was washed ashore and we'll see the hollow where Queen Maeve was killed with a lick of a stone. Yes—a rascal (there were always rascals since the world was a world) stood on the bank beyond at Cashel, a good mile across, and murdered the unfortunate queen, in her old age, with a lick of a stone. Perhaps you don't quite know why I use these words? Then I'll tell you. There was a very learned gentleman stopping here with me once. He was full of learning, and signs on it, he was as humble and as simple in himself as a child—ought to be, but they're so smart now, and know so much, they must laugh at everything and every word. Well, I was one day just here in this hollow, where there was in ancient times a well in which Queen Maeve used to bathe—just here—and I was telling how she was killed by the lick of a stone that laid her low, from the county Longford beyond. Some of the children just fresh from school were by, and they began to laugh at the vulgar word. 'Why, then, children!' says the learned man, very quiet, 'there's nothing to laugh at in that word,' says he, 'but the contrary; for that word that sounds so vulgar and common to you brings to my mind the finest histories of the great warriors and heroes that fought battles in this country in the most warlike ages. It's an Irish word for the champion's hand stone, or Lia Lamha Laich, with which the heroes used to lay their enemies low. If you were in Dublin you'd see at the Royal Irish Academy many a one of the same weapons that in old times gave the lick of a stone that laid her low.' 'And now,' he says,' if you'll sit here where Queen Maeve was killed, I'll tell you a story about Lanesborough, a few miles above, a place that you know so well, and about Fion Mac Cumhail's Laich, or champion's stone, that gave its old name of Ath Liach (the ford of the champion's stone) to the pass at Lanesborough. The story will remind you, whenever you hear any Irish expression, to try and find out the meaning before you laugh."—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

ENGLISH FREE TRADE.

Its Baneful Effect Upon Ireland, India and Other Countries.

[*To the Editor.*]

FARIBAULT, Minn., Aug. 10.—By protective tariffs and navagation laws, England has acquired her enormous wealth, trade and commerce. She has acquired her vast territories, extending from pole to pole, and from the rising to the setting sun, for the sun never sets upon her empire. She has vast possessions in various parts of the globe, including the protected states of India, estimated at eight and one-half millions of square miles, with a population of three hundred millions of inhabitants. Nearly one sixth of all the land on the surface of the globe, and more than one fifth of its entire population, are under the jurisdiction of the British crown. Great Britain rules over a territory sixty-five times as large as itself, and over a population nearly eight times as numerous as its own.

In India she rules over 250,000,000 of a population. She has acquired a monopoly of the colonial trade of over three hundred millions of people, besides the trade she gets from all other countries in the world. By selfish and unfriendly laws she has ruined Ireland's trade, manufactures and commerce. With the aid of Irish taxes, Irish soldiers and sailors, England has acquired her territories, wealth and power. But England has employed this wealth and power to ruin the manufactures and commerce of Ireland, so that the English manufacturers have been able to undersell the Irish in their own country and market. Ireland, having been ruined in her trade, commerce and manufactures, has to depend on agriculture exclusively. The principal part of her produce goes to England to pay rents to alien landlords, the balance to pay taxes and to purchase English manufactured goods. Hence the cause of the so called famine of Ireland in 1847 8 9 50, a famine in a land of "milk and honey"—for there were during these years, in Ireland, an abundance of wheat, oats, barley, rye, flour, beef, mutton, pork and butter, which was taken to England by the military power, leaving nearly one-half of the population either to die at home of famine or to emigrate to foreign lands. These emigrants and their children could now destroy by law the manufacturing and commercial supremacy of England.

One of the greatest causes of the poverty of Ireland can be traced to the Union between Great Britain and Ireland in 1800—a Union in which England gets the *lion's share*. Great Britain, by her protective policy, having built up her manufactures so that Ireland could not compete with her capitalists, established free trade between Great Britain and Ireland, which crushed the Irish manufacturers completely. By her vast colonial trade, England has acquired such great capital and commercial transportation facilities, that her merchants and manufacturers can undersell the Irish in their own markets. It has been said that "cotton is king." Yes, England's cotton goods have driven the hand loom weavers out of Ireland, at least out of employment, to work as farm laborers or to emigrate. By these means the farmers of Ireland have been deprived of the home market and the home industry of the people. They have now to depend nearly entirely on the markets of England.

The English have the Irish markets under their control, charge their own price for their manufactured goods, and regulate the price of all kinds of farming produce. In 1846 England proclaimed free trade, and abolished the corn laws. She saw that other countries, especially the United States, were endeavoring to supply their own wants, and to manufacture for themselves—to become self sustaining, and to become commercially, as well as politically, independent of the nations of the world, to become the great central sun among the republics of the Western Hemisphere by commercial union. England wants to break down the United States as her rival in manufactures, trade and commerce, as she did Ireland. She wants to break down the walls of protection. She wants, by her enormous capital, to ruin the infant industries of all other countries, especially those of the United States. She wants to make the United States an agricultural country, the same as Ireland, depending on English manufactures, so that English merchants could regulate the money market, trade, commerce and prices of the markets of the world. England derives an annual income from India, in revenue for the crown, of over £70 000,000. England's national debt amounts to £763 000 000, that is about one fifth of the total sum of the national debts of all the states of Europe. The annual value of her imported goods and merchandize amounts to £400 000 000, the value of her exports amounts to £300,000 000 the balance of trade against her, £100 000 000 (nearly $500 000 000). This shows that in consequence of the United States and other countries, having turned their capital, labor and industry to home manufacturing, England is commercially going down hill. Soon she will fail to control the trade, manufacturing and commerce of the world. She has to import her food and a large amount of raw materials for her manufactures. In time she cannot compete with the United States, which is now ahead of her in the manufacture of iron; she will beat her in the manufacture of tin. What wonder that England wants free trade to save her from the competition of other nations. Her commercial supremacy will fall—she will lose her colonies—even her empire in India. Like imperial Rome, she will fall of her own weight. The Irish exiles can accelerate her downfall.

P. CUDMORE.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

OULAHAN—July 25, at No. 12 Fade street, Dublin, Christopher Oulahan.

BURKE—July 30, Joseph Burke, solicitor clerk of the crown for county Roscommon, aged 61 years.

DALTON—July 30, at No 6 Lower Gloucester place, Dublin, Mary only daughter of the late James Dalton, D. M. P.

HALL—July 30, at No 61 Mespil road, Dublin, Charlotte Hall.

HART—July 31, at Carrigallen, county Leitrim, Michael, second son of the late Patrick Hart, aged 38 years.

KELLY—July 24, at Kinsale, county Cork, William Kelly.

KIERNAN—July 30, Margaret, relict of the late Jas. Kiernan, Fordstown, Kells, county Meath.

LANGAN—July 27, at Athea, county Limerick, Michael Langan, aged 27 years.

MURPHY—July 30, at No. 25 Cumberland street, Kingstown, Anne Murphy.

O'REILLY—July 31, at Foxfield, Carrickon-Shannon, county Leitrim, the Rev. Patrick O'Reilly, P.P.

SMITH—At Curraghtown, Navan, Patrick Smith.

BYRNE—Aug. 2, at Evergreen Lodge, Carlow, Christina, wife of James Byrne, C. E., aged 58 years.

CULLEN—Aug. 3, at Bray, Anna Maria, widow of the late David Cullen, 2 Howthview, Sandymount, aged 66 years.

DARCY—At the R. I. C. Barrack, Tallow, county Waterford, James Darcy, constable R. I. C., fifth son of Patrick Darcy, Highlake, Roscommon, aged 29 years.

DONOHOE—Aug. 3, at Dalkey, Mrs. Denis Donohoe, Clonegal, county Carlow.

GRIFFIN—Aug. 4, at Birr, Fanny M. Griffin, second youngest daughter of Henry Griffin, Adare, Limerick, age 1 83 years.

MADDEN—Aug. 2, at Kingstown, George Madder, late of Glenbrook, county Cork.

RYAN—At Maryville, Friars' walk, Cork, Daniel Joseph Ryan.

SPIERIN—Aug. 4, at No. 87 Marlborough street, Dublin, Annie, wife of Wm. Spierin.

FOGAN—July 20, at Tullow convent, Ellen Hogan (in religion Sister Mary Canice), eldest daughter of John Hogan, Bansha, aged 25 years.

KAVANAGH—July 23, at Glenmore, county Kildare, Christopher Kavanagh, aged 74 years.

MURRAY—July 29, at Coonough, Carbury, county Kildare, Mary, widow of the late James Murray and mother of the Rev. John Murray, C C, Bagnalstown.

FOSTER—July 25, at Duleek st, Drogheda, Bridget Foster, daughter of Capt Thomas Foster, aged 20 years.

LARNEY—July 26, at Tallaastown, Thomas Larney

MCCANN—July 27, at Bettystown, Drogheda, Matthew Mc ann, aged 28 years.

MOHAN—July 27, at Bull Ring, Drogheda, Mrs. Catherine Mohan.

SHERIDAN—July 28, at Termonfeckin, co. Louth, Richard Sheridan.

CROGHAN—July 30, at Abbey street, Roscommon, Robert J. Croghan, youngest son of the late H. B. Croghan, Ballyglass, Strokestown.

KEEGAN—July 29, at Castlerea, Jas. Keegan, Lacken, Strokestown.

KEOGH—July 29, at No. 99 Thomas street, Dublin, John Keogh, only surviving son of James Keogh, Lemonstown, co. Wicklow.

KILKENNY—July 26, Henry Kilkenny, aged 31 years, son of H. Kilkenny, No. 206 Rathmines road Dublin, late Sergeant Dublin Metropolitan Police.

THE White Star Line steamer, Teutonic, has made the passage between Queenstown and New York in five days, sixteen hours and thirty one minutes, thereby breaking the record.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Summer Resorts Now Open.

Excursion tickets now on sale. The following list (with ticket rates for the round trip from Chicago) represents but a few of the choice spots of the Creation reached best by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and the Milwaukee & Northern Railway: Delavan, Wis., $3 75; Oconomowoc, Wis., $5 50; Waukesha, Wis., $5 00; Palmyra, Wis., $5 50; Madison, Wis., $6 50; Kilbourn (Wisconsin Dells) $8 85; Pewaukee Lake (Minocqua) $15 70; Elkhart Lake, Wis., $7 50; Marquette, Mich., $17 40; Mackinac, Mich., $21 25; St. Paul and Minneapolis $20 00; Lake Minnetonka, $20 75; Duluth $20 00; Yellowstone Park (Grand Tour), $130 00. Special reduced rates on Friday and Saturday of each week to various Wisconsin points. For further particulars apply to City Ticket Office, 207 Clark street, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

UNCLE JOE'S PHILOSOPHY.

You needn't speeze at all de trut
Is done up in yer fodder,
As we expect bodder de shu
By des' so little sparkle.

Dat friend is hard what helps you las',
An' he's wuf more'n gol' difeelin',
Dat hoss wot's allers gittin' what kicks
When comes de frightes' hitch.

Don't try a fool's game to stubborn mules,
Nor to de lion's tail grab;
Nor don't you trus' yo'self too much
To folks who wants to dare.

Dat man what wants to brace de lie
Can allus find de prope;
De house don't git so high but what
Some folks can see de top.
—M. V. Moore.

AN ISLAND EPISODE.

Little Mrs. Colter was in a turmoil of jealous indignation that brilliant July day. It hadn't begun with the day, however, for all had been serene and smiling as she went down to breakfast in one of her prettiest gowns, escorted by her handsome, genial husband. And this pleasant state of things had continued while she looked through her letters, enjoyed a few minutes' rocking on the piazza and passed in review the baby battalion, with their shining morning faces and crisp ruffles. Then, with some of the other ladies, she had sauntered down to the little pier to see her husband off on his fishing excursion, with half a dozen more husbands, brothers and fathers in his party; and this done, the next thing on her programme was to see that her room was put into that comfortable state of order which, to the average hotel chambermaid, seems an "unknown quantity" indeed.

And just here her serenity departed and the turmoil began in her poor little heart. For there, on the first chair, flung down with true masculine carelessness, lay her husband's flannel suit, discarded in favor of the fishing "togs," and as she lifted the coat to hang it up there insidiously slipped from the pocket a little twisted scrap of paper, which, with a smiling "Let's see what Rob has been perpetrating now!" she proceeded to investigate. For Rob was blessed with a keen sense of humor, and was much given to jotting down bits of jokes, puns and sage reflections on the different aspects of summer hotel life, which it was their custom to laugh over together in the retirement of their own room. So it was quite without suspicion that Mrs. Rob untwisted the innocent looking scrap, and was confronted with—not her husband's bold scrawl, but a delicate feminine writing, to this effect:

"Yes, mon ami, I don't know that I mind giving up my afternoon siesta for this once; and if I can evade the notice of the rocking chair 'Tabbies,' I will slip away about 3 o'clock. That is, if you will pledge yourself that both coolness and shade lurk on the farther side of the big rock, and if you are sure that it is out of window range. For it would never do if we were to be seen there. Yours, J. L.

"Wednesday, a. m."

As she took in the sense of these words, her placid smile was succeeded by a frown.

"It's that horrid Mrs. Leeson, of course. She has just thrown herself at Robert's head ever since she came. Wednesday, eh? That's today, and now we'll see about this walk. I shan't mention this note, but I think I can manage to defeat this plan. I wonder, though, if it would not be a good idea to set up a little counter flirtation? There's that handsome young Dugall just waiting for a little encouragement, and, evidently, Rob needs a lesson."

Now all this was quite natural, but in her indignation Mrs. Colter failed to give due consideration to circumstances, or to remember the kind of employment always found for "idle hands"—and idle minds as well. She and Robert were spending a month on a small island in the sound, just off the Connecticut coast. It was one of the most unique and delightfully cool of summer resorts. The nearest land was a mile away to the west, but that was only on one side, and in all other directions there was a much wider expanse of waters, dashing up all day with a soft murmur, and always the most delicious salt breeze was blowing all across the island, so that even at midday it was not unpleasant to feel the sun.

But it was such a little island, only about thirty acres in all, and not a building on it but the hotel and offices, which could only accommodate about 150 people. There wasn't a horse on the place, for there was no room for driving, but there were good fishing, sail and row boats always available, bathing, billiards and a bowling alley, and a long, two story piazza for a promenade and flirtation gallery. A delightful resting place it was for semi-invalids, for lazy people who can bask in air and sunshine, and for bookworms and dreamers, but just a wee bit dull for a city man.

Robert Colter was the possessor of a sweet, intelligent wife, who appreciated all the good things of life almost in equal degree with himself, and who was so ready with sympathy and comprehension that it was the most natural and comforting thing in the world to go to her with all his hopes and plans, and though they had been five years man and wife he never wearied of her companionship. Still that did not prevent his enjoyment of other women's society, and in this quiet little isolated resort he had found a certain piquancy in exchanging light badinage or a few harmless confidences on the moonlit piazzas with some one else's wife—or widow. These evening conferences were about forgotten by the next morning, and certainly there was no harm in them, according to his ideas. Why, Milly was quite welcome to play the same little game, if she chose—in moderation, be it understood!

Feeling this, and foreseeing that his dull moments would be apt to increase with each coming day, it was not with total indifference he had witnessed a new arrival the week previous, and had noted an inclination on the part of the newcomer to bestow upon him various significant glances and smiles. Said new arrival was a very flirtatious widow, with red gold hair, big blue eyes and plump white neck and arms, of which she made rather liberal display when dressed for dinner.

She was not a person of much refinement, but she had a ready tongue, an unfailing flow of spirits and a big, high voice, with which she would call upon "R-r-r-obert, Robert, toi que j'aime," and also hold forth in various other rather antiquated selections from the hackneyed old Italian operas. She had also an insatiable appetite for admiration, and was never contented without some man dangling after her. As Mr. Colter was quite her opposite in appearance, being black eyed and dark haired, she had at once selected him as her cavalier, regardless of the fact that there was a Mrs. Colter, who might reasonably object to having her husband monopolized in this way. As a matter of fact Mistress Milly had felt quite easy on the subject, simply because everything had seemed so entirely on the surface, and it was only the finding of Mrs. Leeson's mischievous little scrawl which had made her believe that Robert could deceive her.

And now what should she do? To be sure it was not, so far, a very serious matter, but it was enough to make her loving, jealous heart very sore and resentful; and not being by any means of the Griselda type of woman one of her first thoughts was to retaliate. Hence her resolution to bottle up her indignation and quietly outmaneuver the widow by keeping an eye on Robert until dinner time and so prevent the proposed walk.

In due time the fishermen returned, and lunch being over, the usual afternoon dispersion began. A sailing party drew away some of the guests, and others retired for a lounge and a nap. Mrs. Leeson stationed herself on the piazza with a book, and seemed unusually taciturn and inclined for her own company. But Milly was not going to trust to this seeming indifference, so she got together half a dozen pool players, and carried Robert and also young Dugall off in her train. Rather to her surprise, Rob evinced no reluctance to being thus captured and seemed to enjoy the game, which was prolonged until almost dinner time. But having become suspicious, Milly imagined further duplicity—perhaps a postponement of the walk until the twilight hour as being more conducive to sentiment—so she remained firm in her resolution to pay back in his own coin her recreant husband, and was so charming to young Dugall that his head was quite turned. Which effect was still further increased when she appeared at dinner time in a delicious black lace and satin gown, lighted up by knots of orange ribbon and a corsage bouquet of great glowing marigolds—one of the special products of the island.

Dinner over, Mr. Dugall proposed a stroll over the long pier to welcome back the sailing party, which had been over to Stonington to lay in a supply of bonbons and enjoy the delicious peach ices procurable in that sleepy old town. And after that what was more natural than to wander around by the bathing beach, where the waves were coming in with greater force than usual before a rising wind, which bid fair to be a small sized gale before morning. Then back to the hotel for a promenade on the piazzas, and finally a cosy tete-a-tete in the most secluded corner, where Mistress Milly's scheme of retaliation progressed so rapidly that within an hour Mr. Dugall was eloquently portraying the delights of a sail over to Watch Hill and dinner at one of the hotels. And "would Mrs. Colter let him escort her over tomorrow?"

"Oh, but—these women, you know. How they would talk!"

"Well, surely, you don't mind them. We'll just start off quietly after breakfast, as if for an hour's sail, and if they do gossip we'll have a nice day anyhow, and be home here by dinner time. And you know it won't half equal Mrs. Leeson's doings."

"By the way, where is the widow this evening, Mr. Dugall?"

"Why, don't you know? Sumner came over an hour ago with his catamaran and invited your husband to try its speed around the island, and nothing would do but Mrs. Leeson and her sister must go along. And they haven't got back yet. Come, now! won't this give the gossips enough to talk about tomorrow, so they won't be thinking of us? You'll go, Mrs. Colter?"

"Well, I won't promise, but if I come down in my boating suit you can see Tom about engaging the Mermaid."

Then her spirits seemed to flag. Flirting wasn't much fun after all, and, oh, where was Rob all this time? After a quarter hour of wandering thoughts and increasing indignation against the whole sisterhood of widows she felt that she must have solitude; so, with merely a glance into the parlor, where Major Larned, the proud father of the loveliest baby in the hotel, was delighting an admiring audience with the inspiring strains of "Nancy Lee," she ran up stairs and locked herself into her room for the inevitable good cry in which feminine human nature finds a safety valve in most emotional crises. The better to indulge in this luxury she got into a wrapper and cuddled down on the bed in the dark.

As yet, her feeling of indignation and resentment were stronger than her anxiety, for Robert was a good sailor and there was neither fog nor storm tonight to make it dangerous on the water, and so she thought more of the comments which would be made on his increasing intimacy with the widow than of any danger to the party. "I believe I will go over to Watch Hill tomorrow. I'm sure I won't pose as the neglected wife, and there's no knowing what folly that woman will try to lead him into, though I don't suppose he could help her going tonight!"

Here her thoughts grew indistinct, and the next thing she knew she was aroused from what might have been a long and sound nap to find herself still alone.

She struck a light. Past midnight and all quiet below stairs; but outside the wind was fairly howling. It was a real gale now, and every little while the hotel would tremble all through, in spite of the iron cables which chained it to the rocks. It was fearful to think that Robert was somewhere out in the storm, and that nothing could be done until daylight, and not even then if the gale continued, as the hotel's pleasure boats were not built to face such a wind. There would be no use in arousing any one else; she must just wait patiently until the household should be stirring, and she could advise with some of the gentlemen. But, oh, the loneliness of that vigil! To her dying day she never forgot it. How long it seemed since last night, when Rob had been safe beside her! She recalled the little jokes they had laughed over, and how merry and affectionate he had been.

But then he always was sweet tempered and loving, always making some plan for her comfort and amusement. And to think how angry she had been only a few hours ago about that wretched note! To be sure, he hadn't known it, but she felt just as remorseful as if she had put her feelings into words and had scolded him well. What if he had, for lack of other amusements, drifted into an idle flirtation? No doubt that Janet Leeson had almost forced it on him, just as she had invited herself on board the catamaran. Anyway, it didn't matter now—nothing mattered but to have Bob back.

By and by the darkness was all gone, and various noises told of the beginning of another day's business. As soon as she thought the office would be open, Mrs. Colter was down stairs endeavoring to get some comfort from the clerk's assurance that a catamaran was never known to capsize; that Mr. Sumner did not understand his new craft very well, and that they had probably been driven along by the wind, and had been unable to return to the island. In a few hours they'd be back, all safe. As the various guests appeared for breakfast, they one and all reiterated this opinion, and were very kind in their efforts to cheer her.

Through the field glass they could see that there was no catamaran lying at the dock on the nearest Connecticut shore, but it might have been driven across the five miles of water separating them from Fisher's island. The gale still continued, so that it was not considered safe for any one to leave the island in a sailboat, so there was nothing to do but sit patiently and watch from the piazzas for any approaching boat. Mr. Dugall had, with the other guests, tendered his sympathy, but had too much tact to remind her of last evening's project, which would, however, occasionally intrude itself on her memory, only to make her more self reproachful and more loving toward the absent Robert.

Slowly the hours crept away, until nearly noon, when suddenly the temporary holder of the glass announced that the Puffing Pig, a small ferryboat running between Fisher's island and the Connecticut shore, was about starting out from the island, and if the runaways had found a harbor there they would get the Pig's captain to bring them over. Every one became excited then, and the Pig's slow progress was breathlessly watched. It was very rough, and several times she seemed on the point of turning back, but still she struggled on, and by and by something like a woman's feather crowned hat was discovered in the pilot house, the only spot sheltered from the wind. Yes, there were two of them, and now there is a handkerchief waving and the Pig is seen to make a decided turn away from its usual landing, and toward the little island. No doubt about it now. The Pig was almost at the dock, and there was a hasty exodus from the piazzas of the eager guests.

But Milly would not risk a scene in public. She ran away to her own room, where, in a few minutes, Robert came to her, and was cried over and petted as though he had been absent a year instead of a night.

"Why, my dear," said he, "any one would suppose I was a long lost treasure, instead of a mere commonplace husband."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to joke about it. I suppose while I was almost crazy with anxiety you were having a good time flirting with the widow."

"Then you never were more mistaken in your life, Milly. The widow wouldn't speak to me at all. You see, she gave me a note at breakfast time yesterday to deliver to Sumner, and I forgot all about it, and so cheated her out of an afternoon's walk, and almost made a quarrel between them. But it's all right now. I made an apology, and Sumner made a proposal, I believe, for they announced this morning that they're engaged."

"You don't mean it, Rob? What a joke!" And to this day Mr. Colter doesn't know why Milly should have fallen upon him, with a second shower of kisses, on hearing of Mrs. Leeson's engagement. For that sly little woman said to herself: "So that note wasn't for Rob at all, and I came near making a fool of myself for nothing. But he never shall know it."

And then she went down to lunch, and, womanlike, proceeded to snub Dugall for being the recipient of her gracious encouragement the evening before. But she made a pretty little speech of congratulation to the widow, and thanked her stars that she had put the note back into Rob's pocket and held her tongue until he had had his say.—Eleanor Corbet in Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Illuminating Bean Pot.

Few persons know that the dome of the state house was made to represent an inverted bean pot. It costs thousands of dollars every few years to regild it, but its rays immediately after the operation pierce so much farther that the expense is considered of small importance.—Boston Courier.

Taller Than Goliath.

The king of giants was Christoff Munster, born at Erlosen, near Munden, in June, 1630, who, according to authentic records, attained a height of 9½ feet, three inches taller than Goliath of Gath. He served in the body guards of the Elector and lived forty-four years.—New York Times.

TATTOOED THE PRINCE.

TWO DISTINGUISHED BRITISHERS FITTED FOR A MUSEUM.

The Possible Heir to the Throne and a Nephew of the "Grand Old Man" Inscribed with Hieroglyphics—Decorating That Was Put on to Stay.

I have made the acquaintance of such a quaint, clever old retired sea captain, with great black eyes and snow white hair and mustache. He had been the world over several times, and there seems to be nothing nor nobody which and whom he has not seen or known.

Just now we are so intimate—newspaper intimate—with the Prince of Wales and his doings perhaps an anecdote which the captain told me of George, the prince's second son, may be amusing.

The captain some years ago was in San Francisco with his ship. It was chartered by a big manufacturing company to go to New South Wales, where the captain was to buy 2,000 tons of a certain celebrated bituminous coal.

He arrived safely and put up at the finest hotel in Sydney. At this hotel were staying the Duke of Edinburgh, with his nephew, a son of the Prince of Wales, and young Gladstone, a nephew of the great statesman. They were then taking a trip around the world, the boys in the care of the Duke of Edinburgh, who commanded the ship

My sea captain made their acquaintance and dined with them the first day of his arrival. He told the boys some of the jolliest stories and they took to each other immensely, but strange to say, he did not catch a vestige of them for the next two weeks.

One day they appeared again suddenly, seized the captain by the hand and insisted upon his going immediately to join them in a glass of champagne in honor of the meeting.

"Where on earth have you been hiding?" asked the captain.

"In bed," answered the prince, with a sound, half groan half chuckle, "and it's all the fault of that long legged beast, Tom Nolan."

Then young Gladstone put in a naughty word and rapped out:

"Yes, the beggar declared that we would heal up in one day. I'd like to thrash him, but his back is a yard across, and I could not knock him down, you know, if I tried."

TATTOOED WITH "FAST DYE."

"What the dickens did he do to you?"

"Why, see here," said the prince, and the captain, putting on his spectacles, discovered that the prince's under lip had been tattooed with the royal "broad arrow," while young Gladstone's lip was similarly decorated with an anchor, two lovely "fast dye" embellishments which would last all their lives.

Choking with suppressed laughter the captain said, "The old salt has done his work well, but this need not have kept you in bed two weeks."

"Oh, bless you, no," said the prince, "but, you know, he coaxed us into having dolphins and mermaids and mottoes pretty much all over us, and oh, it's abominable, you know, for we were soon laid out as stiff as ramrods and howling with pain. It don't matter, now it's all over," added the prince rather ruefully, "but, by George! I'll never be caught in such a trumpery scrape again."

"Nor I," chimed in young Gladstone, with an emphatic bang of his fist on the table: "but the worst of it is, you know, that we shall be dancing and flirting at balls and praying in church with all these ridiculous mermaids and idiotic what-a-call-'ems prancing round with us all along the line. George has made a royal jackass of himself, and I am"——

"A radical jackass," laughed the captain. "And the signs of it will last forever. You will have to dance and pray and offer yourselves to your sweethearts, mermaids and all, for better, for worse." Then he made a solemn grimace at them and they all burst out laughing—and the boys invited him to inspect the splendid ship, in which they were steaming over the world, and while there the captain put the youngest up to playing some high jinks upon the old sailor who had persuaded them to be tattooed—by way of an awful retribution.

THE MARKS REMAINED.

A day or two after the great ship steamed away, and the captain, having loaded the ship with the coal he was to get, set sail for California.

Some years after he was in Yokohama and left it at night by getting on board a ship bound for California. In the morning he rose early to watch the fast receding shores of Japan. A tall, handsome young man came out of his stateroom at the same moment in his dressing robe. "Hallo!" he cried, "why, if here ain't my dear old captain! How are you? So glad to meet you again!"

The puzzled captain looked at the young man in a vain hope to recognize him, when the other, lifting a splendid mustache, disclosed a tattooed anchor on his lip.

"Oh, now I know you! You are Gladstone. What a big, good looking fellow you are, to be sure."

"All you see of me," laughed the other. "My friends, the mermaids and mottoes still cling closer than a brother, and under my clothes I'm a show for your circus friend, Barnum."

And then they went over the New South Wales adventure and had a most enjoyable, jolly chat together.—New York Journal.

Russia's Finances.

I think the financial condition of Russia to be a most precarious one. Undoubtedly she has great resources; so has Turkey, but natural treasures are of no avail without the human hand to turn them to the benefit of the nation. As the French finance minister, Baron Louis, said to his colleagues, "Give me a good policy and I will give you good finances." Russia must reform her administration and her fiscal policy, she must abandon her aggressive external policy which constantly threatens peace if she wants to inspire confidence in European creditors.—Dr. F. H. Geffcken in Forum.

How New York's Wealthy Men Ride Home.

At least 100 cabmen earn a living by driving Wall street men up town after the close of business hours. A large proportion of these cabmen wait patiently in Broad street for hours. Occasionally they will get half a dozen fares in a day, but more frequently they get one or two. Most of them are veterans in the business, and some of them have their regular customers, whom they serve from one year's end to another. In observing the class of men who ride up town in cabs, one fact will strike the observer forcibly, and that is that the men who indulge in the luxury of a cab after leaving their offices are not the rich men of Wall street. To be sure, most of the cab patrons are men who make money, but they are not notable figures in the financial world, and their incomes are not oppressively large.

Among the men who ignore the cabby's plaintive plea, and take either the Broadway cars or the elevated trains, are found nearly all of the noted millionaires. Jay Gould and his sons, George and Edwin, invariably travel on the Sixth avenue elevated road. Occasionally George walks the whole or part of the way home. C. P. Huntington reaches his home in Park avenue via the Third avenue elevated, and frequently he has J. Pierpont Morgan for a fellow passenger. D. O. Mills, hale and vigorous, enjoys a stroll up Broadway. Sometimes he rides in a street car and sometimes on the elevated. Mr. Jesse Seligman and his brother James usually patronize the elevated road, and Russell Sage invariably does the same. Bluff Samuel Sloan has no use for cabs or coaches, but rides on the elevated road, as do Cyrus W. Field, John H. Inman and dozens of other rich men.—New York Times.

An Improvement in Valve Packing.

For a considerable time the Old Colony railroad has had in use a piston valve packed with Tripp's packing, this device, according to the report, giving no trouble from leakage, which is the great objection to the plain piston valve. The port does not have to be bridged, the packing being such that it cannot fall out or catch on the edges of the port, and to give a still larger area of port opening with the same travel of valve, a square piston valve has been devised.

The latter is sixteen inches wide and about three inches high, and for a certain width of opening admits steam past the upper and side edges as well as the seat opening, thus more than doubling the area of opening for the same travel of valve. This applies as well to the exhaust as the steam edge, giving a quick release as well as admission of steam.

Being of the piston type, the valve is balanced, and, to keep it steam tight, is packed on top and at the sides. The packing is an inch thick all around, and, as it is held out by springs, an excess of pressure in the cylinders will cause the valve to lift from the seat, acting as a relief into the chest. This device, therefore, is said to possess all the advantages of the simple slide valve, and in addition practically double ported and balanced.—New York Sun.

Instinct in Roots.

There seems to be an orderly instinct in roots that cannot be accounted for. When the seed sprouts and the stem starts upward to make the trunk, one bud pushes down into the earth to form a top root. What it is that gives the order for one to push up and one to push down is incomprehensible. But, more than this, while the top root is descending deep into the ground, as if to anchor the tree securely against wind and storm, other roots start to grow horizontally just beneath the surface of the ground. These surface roots are at first but mere fibers. When the autumn arrives, and the leaves fall, most of these fibers die also, leaving only a few to live over, and these become permanent surface roots.

We know why some live to become permanent roots, as against the thousands which die. We say they are gifted with greater vital power. They were able to get more nutrition than the others, and nutrition to some extent means vigorous life—but in what way this ordering of some roots to go down as anchors, and the others to spread out near the surface where food is, to act as feeders, is just as deep an unsolved problem as it was hundreds of years ago.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

Truth Cost Him His Pulpit.

Rev. Dr. Lucas was seated among a small assemblage of friends in Postmaster Thompson's room, making an honest effort to forget that the thermometer was hugging the nineties. He said, "I once knew a minister to lose his pulpit by telling the truth." Being asked to explain he said: "While stationed in Iowa I became acquainted with a minister who was a forcible speaker, but was deficient in education, and occasionally committed some grave misdemeanors against the king's English. One Sunday evening, while speaking rapidly, he committed a gross assault on Lindley Murray.

"No sooner had the sentence escaped his lips than he stopped and said: 'I am aware that my education is deficient. I regret that I did not have the advantage of good schools while a boy. If I had been more fortunate in that regard I would now be preaching to a more intelligent congregation.' The minister told the truth, but that was the last time he preached in that church."—Indianapolis News.

Objects on the Colorado Desert.

The atmosphere of the Colorado desert is so clear, owing to the absence of moisture, that small objects at a great distance seem close at hand. All sorts of illusions deceive the eye. A man far away on the plain assumes gigantic stature. Ranges of hills take on wonderful effects of color—rose, violet and yellow. The phenomenon of the mirage is developed on a gigantic scale. Mountains below the horizon rise into view, and vast lakes of clear water invite the traveler to turn aside for refreshment.—Washington Star.

SENATOR JIM NYE.

A Nineteenth Century Falstaff Who Made a Reputation at Washington.

Little Nevada has had some famous senators, and still has. Among the older hangers on about the Capitol one may still hear the echoes of laughter over Jim Nye's jokes. He sat for years at the right hand of stately, dignified Charles Sumner, and he was very fond of keeping up a running fire of comment in language which caused the fastidious New Englander to raise his eyes in astonishment. Sumner, who was the soul of politeness, was often greatly embarrassed by Nye's conversation, being shocked almost beyond expression and yet not wishing to show offense.

Nye was a sort of Falstaff of the Nineteenth century, and everybody liked him. He had little or no literary culture, and was not much burdened with convictions. If he had any he didn't trouble others with them. He would rather raise a laugh than make a speech any day. Horace Greeley once sat down on the senator's new hat, and Nye, picking up the crushed stovepipe, said gravely, "I could have told you it wouldn't fit before you tried it on."

The few speeches which he did make were rather strings of anecdote than arguments on the question before the senate. One of his stories was of the Irishman who visited a large city and the dogs took after him. He tried to pick the paving stones out of the street to stone the dogs, and failing in this struck an attitude and exclaimed, "A foine country for liberty where they turn the dogs loose and tie the stones down!"

Once Nye tried his hand at kite flying. "The goddess of liberty," he exclaimed, "has her home in the mountains of my state of Nevada."

"Quite a solitary residence for the lady," remarked Senator Hendricks quietly.

This raised a laugh at the expense of Nevada, but Nye was equal to the emergency.

"Liberty," said he, "is a mountain nymph, and when the flag goes down elsewhere you will find it barricaded and protected in our mountain fastnesses, where our people inhale liberty unmingled with the malaria of those unfortunate states along the Ohio. We breathe the pure air of heaven, while in Indiana they have to mix theirs with quinine."

Nye and Stewart came to the senate about the same time, and were both from New York, born within fifty miles of each other. The former always called himself Jim Nye, and liked to have others address him in the same way. He was a man of large frame and appetites, long, luxuriant hair, prematurely whitened, a fat, beardless face. He was known as the best quick speaker in the senate. He had imagination, vivid description, flashes of wit and true Irish humor.

One of the best things he ever said was of Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, who is still living in seclusion on his ancestral estates near Newport. Sprague had interrupted one of Nye's flights of eloquence, whereupon the Nevada man turned to his neighbors and remarked loud enough to be heard all over the hall, "I can't hit a canary bird like that with a cannon ball."—Scranton Truth.

The Practical Man and the Scientist

For the sake of illustrating the difference between the practical man and the scientist, let us suppose two persons to visit the northern peninsula of Michigan seeking for iron. The one runs about blindly, takes up with every good show and mines. The result is, he either makes a happy strike by mere accident or spends thousands of dollars in useless search.

The other has studied the laws of electricity, and knows that certain ores of iron are magnetic. He understands also that these ores will exert their influence through any amount of superincumbent earth. Consequently he provides himself with a dipping needle and compass and by the operation of these tells where a bed is located, its approximate depth and probable amount of material. He will prevent being deceived by the magnetic schists in that region, by means of the dipping needle and compass he traces out the bed until he finds an outcrop.

Thus have been located, at little expense, many of the mining regions of that locality. What an achievement is this, and how much better than the blind guesses of the so called practical man!—W. H. Smith, M. D. in Popular Science Monthly.

Occupations in Heaven.

A little Vermont friend aged 4 stood by the window as the family physician drove by with a smile and a bow for his little favorite. A moment later she turned from the window with a sigh and said, "Mamma, isn't it too bad that Dr. Blank can't go to heaven?" "Why, Jessie?" said mamma in surprise. "What makes you think he can't go to heaven?" "Why, of course he won't go," said Jessie. "There's nobody sick there, and they won't need any doctors."

Little Jessie's original idea was told to the clergyman, who called a day or two later, who said that he should consider that "a knock down argument" against the theory that we are to continue our present occupations in the future life. A popular physician on hearing the above said that he did not see why the doctors had not as good a chance as the ministers, for surely there would be no souls to save in the better land.—Rochester Free Press.

A French Barber's Joke.

Everybody knows that little joke of a barber at the expense of a young "Lyceen," who, glowing with pride at the discovery, fancied or real, of the first appearance of tender down on his chin, hurried off to the hairdresser's to get shaved. The wily Figaro offered him a chair, placed a napkin around his neck, covered his face with the fragrant lather and then walked away to attend to other business, apparently quite oblivious of his new customer. Growing impatient, the latter at length exclaimed, "Well, what are you waiting for?" "For the beard to grow," was the barber's reply.—Le Petit Parisien.

Water That Lost a Customer.

It is fun to watch the pineapple man.

He is a generous fellow, and the slabs of pine that he cuts off and retails for a nickel are thick and sweet, and his trade is large.

Unto him clerks, newsboys and millionaires come the livelong day to refresh themselves with fruit. He peels and cuts and cuts and peels, and still the demand continues.

A Wall street banker stops and buys a piece; an editor refreshes his inner man with a slab of pine; a street gamin wheedles a nickel slice out of the old man for a penny. An old, decrepit woman, with a cheek as hard as that of the statue of Liberty, comes up and asks him for a slice. The pineapple man looks at her a minute, subtracts a thin slice from the heap and gives it to the beggar, and she goes on her way rejoicing.

At last the curbstone merchant gets out his dinner pail and eats a hearty meal. It never occurs to him to flavor it with some of his luscious stock in trade, and he goes dessertless.

When he is through he takes out a very small tin pail of water and sprinkles some of it upon the fruit to keep it from getting dry. Then he carefully washes his hands in the pail, and then, oh, heavens! he carefully covers up the pail, as if water were precious under the shadow of the postoffice and with the free drinking fountain not thirty feet away!

Thank you, not today! I was going to treat myself to pines, but something has suddenly stolen my appetite away.—New York Herald.

The Neglect of the Groom.

A person about to be married has sent in a complaint for public consideration against the constant neglect which the bridegroom receives from the press, from the friends of the contracting parties and often from their immediate families. All interest centers in the bride, whose dress is described in voluminous detail, whose bouquet is not considered beneath mention, and whose face, blushing beneath her veil, is the most pleasing attraction of the wedding.

The bridesmaids, lovely girls, fluttering in dainty colors, are worth more than a passing notice. The ushers, the guests, and even the organist, are spoken of in an appreciative manner. Sometimes there is consideration shown to the sexton of the church. But where is the groom? There are columns of descriptions of weddings in the daily press, and in these columns the personality of the groom is passed over without a glimmer of apology.

How does the groom dress? What is his choice of flower? Do his gloves fit? Are his shoes of patent leather? Nobody knows these interesting details, although they are undoubtedly important to the neglected man. His presence is supposed from occasional mention of the "young couple," and he probably may be seen skulking around the corner of the pulpit; but he is evidently in a hurry for the completion of the matter. It is not his occasion. Unfortunate man, he is the chief and notable instance of "Hamlet left out of Hamlet."—Boston Journal.

Conscience in the Sleeping Man.

Dreams have been regarded as an interesting suoject of study ever since scientific thought was born. Locke, the essayist on the human understanding, was of the opinion that a man did not think at all when really asleep, while modern investigators in this line of research believe that thought no more ceases during sleep than a watch properly wound runs down in the night.

According to their notion, under such conditions the mechanical functions of the mind are active, though uncontrolled by the judgment, and thus it happens that one's dreams are apt to be unreasonable and even absurd.

Could anything be more interesting than to trace the progress of a dream, if it were only possible? Think of the variety of experiences through which one would be conveyed, untrammeled by the limitations of common sense which restrict one's waking thoughts, and freed from the moral responsibilities that encumber the doings of ordinary life. Probability sets no bounds to the dreamer's vision, and even conscience is dormant, since the most righteous of men do, on occasions, misbehave themselves most shockingly in the strange Land of Nod. —Washington Star.

A Bird's Waterproof Nest.

Being out on a prospecting tour in the mountains and having some knowledge of birds and beasts in their native haunts, was on the alert for anything I could see. One day while we were wading a mountain stream in Skamania county, Wash., I saw a water ousel leave a waterfall some twenty feet above the stream we were in. By helping my companion up the rocks he was enabled to reach the place where the bird had left, and was rewarded by finding the nest, a splendid waterproof nest, built in a crevice of the rocks where the water was pouring over and partly onto the fore part of the nest. I now have it and one egg at home in Vancouver, Wash., as a relic of our trip. —George Mitchell in Portland Oregonian.

Is It To or Too?

The violation of the particle "to" is a sin of continual growth, and not merely by that insertion of an adverb between it and the body of the verb censured by Taylor, but by total dislocation, as in such cases as "try to," "mean to," "going to" and "obliged to." Dr. Watts has been taxed with its perpetration in a well known line which occurs in his didactic rhyme for children, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite;" the probable truth being that he wrote not "For 'tis their nature to,'" but, "For 'tis their nature (id est, the nature of bears and tigers to growl and fight,) 'too.'" A misprint here is vastly more conceivable than an ungrammatical trip on the part of Dr. Watts.—Notes and Queries.

Reticent.

Cleverton—Was Miss Griggson bored by my talk last night?

Dashaway—I couldn't get her to say. —New York Truth.

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CATHOLIC CHURCHES IN CHICAGO.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday a 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galgan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E A Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2998 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alpert st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 206 W. Twelfth st

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 285 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer pastor. Residence 9434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobel, pastor. Residence 45 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 29 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—23rd Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Baths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. R. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 881 Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p.m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J E Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Boot st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2561 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWilliams, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4493 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; R W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seltz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Raler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 419 Wabansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bebey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph P Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 33—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krinps, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 235 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ava.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3544 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian) — F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av,

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 275 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P; Edward O Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st, Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 869 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec, Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 8 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Abern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago, M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eisenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., P. D Kirby, Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Cerreoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 8 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

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Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec. P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V. P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Caution, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2 d and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, J John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3909 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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"Talk about your sure things on horse races," said the veteran, "have I ever told you about how I was tripped up on the most beautiful straight tip you have ever heard of?"

None of the party had ever heard the story, so the major told it.

"While we were in camp with McClellan," he began, "we had some good horses which were worked just about hard enough to keep them in fine condition. Several of them were pretty good steeplechasers, too, but Colonel Blank had a sorrel mare which could outrun anything in the Army of the Potomac. Well, one day a lot of recruits came into camp. They were well supplied with tobacco and other little luxuries which help to make a soldier's life bearable.

"Some of the boys who had been in camp quite a long time looked enviously on the well filled canteens and haversacks of the newcomers, and it was, perhaps, natural that they should begin to scheme to try to secure some of the luxuries for themselves.

"The idea struck some one to get up a hippodrome horse race. The scheme was of course to have Colonel Blank's mare run against some of the poorer animals. And to have those who were 'in' on the deal to bet against the sorrel mare. The rider of the mare, of course, would be a party to the deal and he would prevent the sorrel from winning the race.

"Well, the details were all arranged and the plans were working nicely. The newcomers had heard all about the fame of the sorrel mare and they took the bait like a charm. All kinds of articles were wagered—tobacco, whisky, coats, boots, and no, a small amount of money—on the result. We who had put up the job were laughing in our sleeves for three days before the race took place.

"On the day designated the mile course, which had been laid out on a fairly good road, was lined with bluecoats from one end to the other. When the horses took their places visions of the luxuries which I have named loomed up in our imaginations and we exchanged sly winks as the horses came down past the starter. As soon as the starter yelled 'Go!' the men in the two long lines began to yell and swing their hats in the air.

"The space between these two lines was not more than fifteen or twenty feet wide and this unusual sight and noise frightened the sorrel mare. Well, she just took the bit between her teeth and the way she did skip down that road was a caution. The faster she ran the more the men yelled and the rider could no more check her speed than he could stop a cyclone. At the end of the mile the sorrel led her opponent by fully 300 yards, and not satisfied with this she ran nearly another mile before her rider could stop her."—New York Tribune.

Sanitation at Cheap Restaurants.

The frequenters of some of the cheap restaurants of our large towns would probably suffer from a painful falling off in the appetite were they first to pay a visit to the kitchens from which their savory morsels come. In the interests of their hunger they doubtless show sound discretion in taking the goods the gods of the gridiron send them without questioning or demur. On the other hand, in the interest of sanitation and public welfare, it is quite as important that the cleanliness of our restaurant kitchens should be beyond suspicion as that of our baking establishments.

The local authorities are empowered by the sanitary acts to deal with any work place which is not kept in a cleanly state, or not properly ventilated, etc., so as to be injurious or dangerous to health. It would be interesting to know what attention the local authorities have shown to these establishments.—Hospital.

Something About Money.

There is no place on this wide earth of ours where there is nothing to sell or no money to buy with. The kinds of money people are forced to use would make our boys who are familiar with gold, silver and crisp green paper laugh. Think of currency all the way from strips of odoriferous dried fish to beautiful nature polished sea shells and bright birds' plumage.

Of course we speak of money in its broad sense, meaning something convenient to carry, of a standard value, to be used in exchange or trade; something that costs labor to get or make, and of which every man thinks it would be good to get plenty. The pieces of leather of the Greeks with the rude figure of an ox scratched upon them, standing for a real ox, were just like our bank notes.—Philadelphia Press.

When Silk Was More Precious Than Gold.

Common as is silk nowadays, in earlier times it was a most precious material When it was first brought into Europe silk commanded three times its weight in gold, and so valuable was it deemed that in the reign of Tiberius a law was passed forbidding it to all save noble ladies, and prohibiting men from wearing it on the grounds of its effeminacy. So unusual was it even 200 years later for a man to wear silk that every historian of the time of Heliogabalus noted the fact that that emperor had a silk gown. For ages it continued at an abnormally high price. Charlemagne, in the year 780, could send to King Offa of Mercia no more valuable present than two silk coats.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Problematic Sculptures.

The valley of John Day river, a modest tributary of the Columbia, seems to have become a rendezvous of far western archæologists. Sculptures, carved into a basaltic ledge of that neighborhood, are supposed to represent "anthropoid apes," and the question is where the Oregon Indians could have seen the originals of those emblems. In Sumatra, India, or some ape haunted region of the western continent? A less romantic solution of the enigma would be the conjecture that the sculptures in question do not represent apes at all, but bears or barbarians.—Philadelphia Times.

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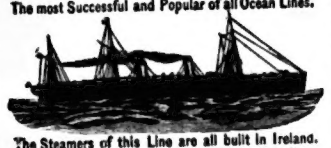
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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A D 1891 John G. Haueise vs. Sarah Haueise. In Chancery. No. 91,759.
Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Haueise that the above named complainant herein has filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern:
Please take notice that on the 20th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8), Township Thirty nine (39), North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH, Attorney at Law, 609 Opera House Building, Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

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(Adjoining Jesuit Church.)

McENERNY BROS., 69 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF ANDREW WALSH, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Walsh, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, August 6 1891
CHRISTOPHER KELLY,
MICHAEL McENERNY,
Executors of the last will and testament of Andrew Walsh, deceased.
James McEnerny, Attorney

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
JULIA ENRIGHT, Executrix.
Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
WINIFRED SHEA, Executrix.
Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL WHELAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Whelan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, July 30, 1891
JANE M. WHELAN, Executrix.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building, 112 Clark street.

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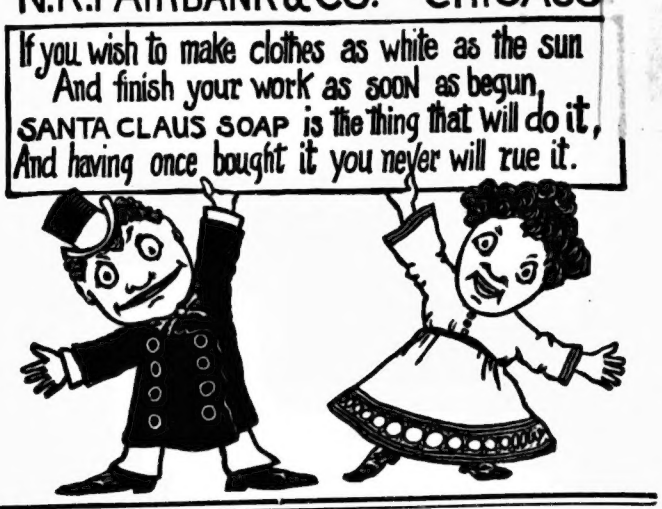
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INFORMATION WANTED
Of Peter Clarke, a native of Co. Cavan, Ireland; last heard from about ten years ago; was then in Gunnison, Colorado. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his brother, JAS. CLARKE, 1267 W. Sixteenth st, Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD J. McARDLE ATTORNEY, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.
ESTATE OF PETER FITZSIMMONS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Peter Fitzsimmons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook county, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court Room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
MARY FITZSIMMONS, Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JOHANNA SHEEHAN ALIAS Johanna Wall, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Johanna Sheehan alias Johanna Wall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
KATIE SHEEHAN, Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

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